

EVE'S WEEKLY

Joseph



SUMMER'S
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OLIDAYS
THE HILLS:
RAVEL
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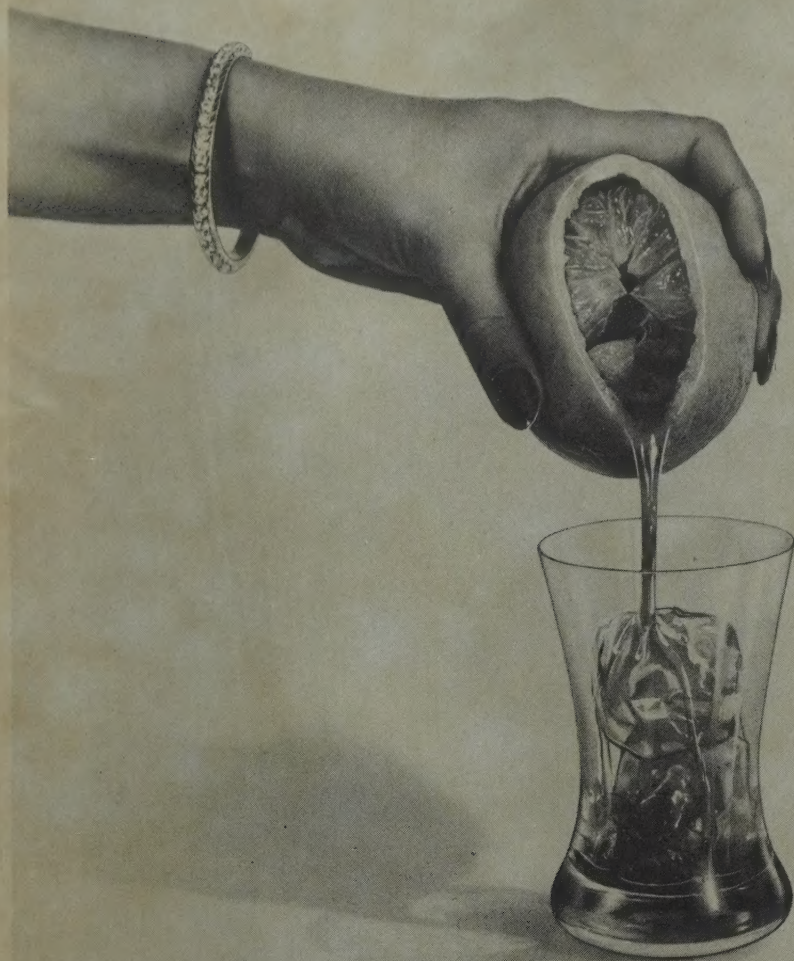


THE THIRD
INSTALMENT
OF EXCERPTS
FROM
SOPHIA LOREN
AUTOBIOGRAPH

GANAPATIPUR
ABODE
OF GANESH:
A RURAL
BEAUTY SPOT
BY THE
SEA WHICH
IS ALSO
A PILGRIMAGE
CENTRE

CONSUMERISM
S THE 2x2
YOU BOUGHT
GENUINE?
CHECK WITH
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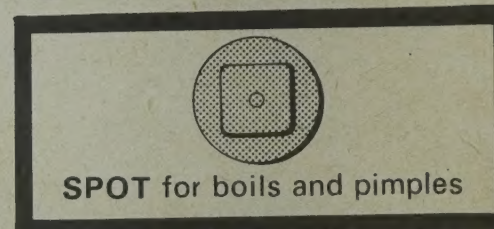
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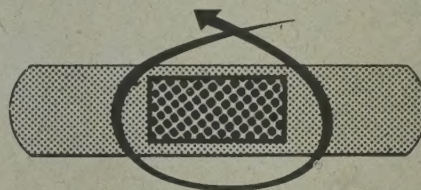


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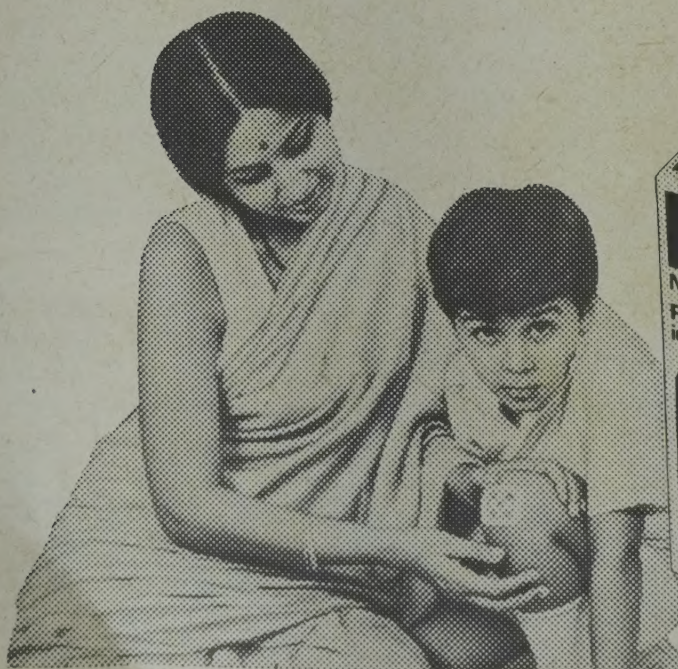
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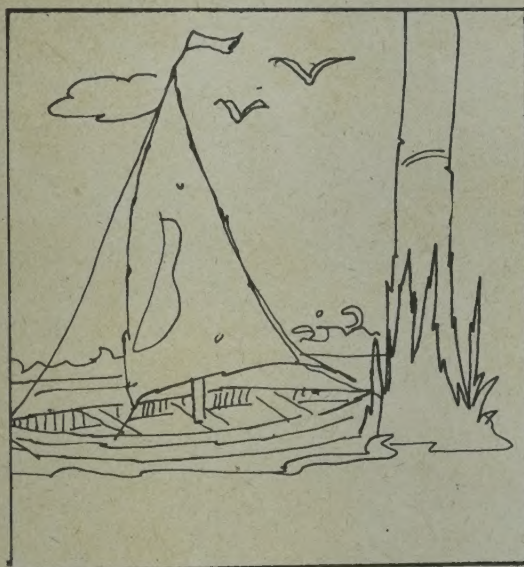
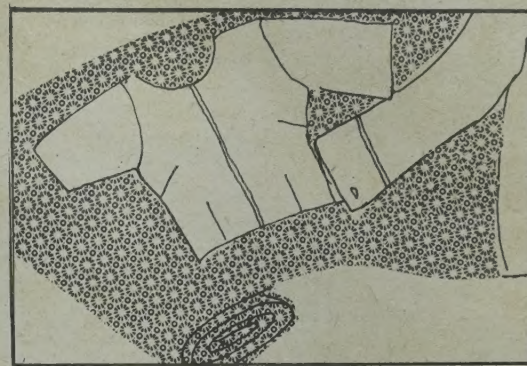
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THIS WEEK

FOCUS ON TEXTILES

Is the 2 x 2 fabric you bought genuine? Check with the Consumer Guidance Society of India before you stitch it. Malpractices abound in the textile trade too. **Page 10.**



SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Hugh and Colleen Gantzer guide you to the many hill stations that offer a pleasant retreat from the sultry heat of summer. **Page 14.**

ATTRACTING TOURISTS

India, with its myriad attractions for the foreign tourist, should be at the top in the tourism industry. **Page 19.**

GANAPATIPULE

The obscure seaside village in Maharashtra with its famed swayambu Ganesha image, which will soon be a tourist centre. **Page 33.**



SOPHIA LOREN

The third instalment of excerpts from "Living and Loving", the autobiography of the great Italian film star. **Page 39.**

"WHEN I GROW UP..."

The ambitions of the young, before the world closes in on them and restricts their careers to traditional professions. **Page 45.**

ALSO

Passing Through: M. M. Kaye, author of "Far Pavilions" and "Shadow of the Moon" talks of her work and Indian background — **Page 20** Film Interview: Bindiya — **Page 23** Kitchen Gardening — **Page 29** Photography — **Page 51** Marriages in Calcutta: A study of the changing trends in Bengali marriages — **Page 49.**

REGUIAR FEATURES

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YOUR PAGE

1st PRIZE

LABOUR OF LOVE

Buy an expensive pair of shoes from our country's leading footwear manufacturers, and a week later you're minus a buckle. Purchase the best beer in the store and the bubbles rising to the surface are not of pride but soda. The highest-priced drugs are sub-standard, the choicest foodstuffs adulterated, and the best fabrics of our finest mills, more often than not, just webs of tissue and transparent lies. The advertisers' untruths only serve to clothe the naked reality.

The trouble with us is that we are absolutely lacking in self-respect: we take neither pleasure nor pride in our work, and we're hardly great believers in honesty. Where, then, is the question of perfection? From master to servant, from teacher to student, from factory-worker to farmhand, and professional to craftsman, we wish to be rewarded for our presence not performance. We don't believe in the dignity of labour — as a matter of fact, we don't believe in labour at all! Until such time as we conquer this basic weakness in our character, until we decide to improve the quality and increase the quantum of our work so that it becomes a labour of love and joy, until we form habits of honesty and integrity in our private dealings and public transactions, we will remain where we are while sounding the clapper for others in the race for perfection, progress and prosperity.

We have great potential — it would be a great pity if it remains just that.

BERNIE TELLIS, Bombay

There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of corruption, laziness and dishonesty in our country and, yes, we are more often than not, foisted with sub-standard consumer items. But it is not entirely

true that the leading and prominent manufacturers of goods — be they footwear or textiles — are the ones who deceive the public. Anyway, perfection is a goal miles away; we can at least strive for near-perfection?

2nd PRIZE

HOLI TARGETS

"Holi", the festival of colour and gaiety where, it is said, even your enemy will forget his wrath and will apply the "tilak" on your forehead, is just over. But I wonder how much of this "bhai-bandhi" is really practised today.

Sometime before the holiday, while sitting in my first floor verandah, enjoying my cup of coffee, a water-balloon came sailing through the air splashing its "holi" water generously all over me — and then some more flew in. One knocked my glasses off, shattering the lenses. Another knocked off my coffee cup and, to crown it all, the third one completely soaked a letter which had just arrived, leaving a soggy, indecipherable mess. It took me a few minutes to recover. I looked around and saw a group of well-dressed young men grinning shamelessly in my direction, their "ammunitions" jingling in their palms. It slowly dawned on me. All this was just a preliminary warning — the heralding in of the filthiest and most dangerous of festivals celebrated with such gay abandon. To think that a person cannot even have the privacy of her own home! If educated grown-up men indulge in such goondaism, we cannot blame the younger crowd for the same behaviour. Surprisingly, the latter have often shown more respect for the feelings of those who do not want to play 'holi'.

There have even been cases where stones are put in the balloons or black paint or kerosene splashed on the faces instead of the usual colour. The aftermath of such actions need not be spelt

Do you have something to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

out. Of course, in a masquerade of this "togetherness" feeling, eve-teasing reaches its zenith.

Perhaps the only way to avoid all this is to lock yourself up in your bedroom, take a good dose of sleeping pills and sleep until it's all over.

ROHINI, New Delhi

It is maddening and frustrating when you are dragged into doing something you don't want to do. "Playing Holi" may be all right for those who don't mind being doused with the colour; but it is grossly unfair to inflict this ridiculous "game" on the others.

3rd PRIZE

PARENTS TO BLAME

The number of innocent young brides, left high and dry by Indian boys stationed abroad, after empty promises to take them along, is alarmingly on the increase. These unscrupulous men are often already married, with ready-made families in their country of employment. Why they succumb to parental pressure to return to India and get married again, is anybody's guess, since they obviously have no intention of honouring their second marriage vows.

No less to blame are the parents on both sides: avaricious parents of the boy, who think nothing of ruining an innocent young girl's future, or jeopardising her happiness in the vain hope that their spoiled darling son will forget his 'white' family; and gullible parents of the bride who will sell their very souls to get their daughters married to a foreign-returned or foreign-stationed boy, and who end up by literally sacrificing her at the altar of marriage. Perhaps only in India can such a grim travesty of marriage take place, because only in our country, 'blind' arranged marriages

continue to be the rule rather than the exception. Isn't it high time something was done to stop this despicable exploitation of innocent and vulnerable young girls? What makes the situation more horrific is that it is perpetrated in the name of parental love.

INDU K. MALLAH, Tamil Nadu

This "family back home" of the foreign-employed Indian youth is assuming alarming proportions. We have recently heard of several cases — the boy has coolly gone back to his foreign sweetheart, none the worse for the experience of 'hitching up' a second time. It is the Indian girl who suffers the trauma of a broken marriage and slighting remarks which castigate her and not the boy!

'CRIMINALS' IN WHITE

Called away on some work, when my husband rejoined us at watching a movie on television, he took one look at the set and exclaimed. "So now she is a widow!" So stark was the transformation of the heroine that even on a black-and-white film it was possible to make this statement with certainty. Why do we treat our widows with such lack of empathy? We expect them to hold aloft their widowhood lest they be mistaken for one of their more fortunate sisters, for neither will we forget nor will we permit them to forget their altered marital status. They are almost branded as if they have committed some despicable, unpardonable crime.

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad

They've committed the crime of 'losing' their husbands, and that's the same as losing their souls... or so they are made to believe. And what happens when a man 'loses' his wife? Why, nothing! Nothing happens at all, because nothing has changed — for him.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

GOLD MANIA

The article, "In Gold We Trust" (February 9) by Preeth I. Bidappa, was really very instructive and educative. Every educated girl who wants to get married should defy the old convention of having gold ornaments. Instead she should go for other substitutes. Besides this, if once this craze for gold is overcome by one and all, whether in marriages or other functions, we are all bound to get some relief from the tremendous cost of the marriage. No doubt this ancient craze is not going to disappear very soon or very easily, but if we all ruminate over the prohibitive cost of the gold ornaments involved, we can certainly minimise its use in many functions if we decide to. Let us hope the sudden spurt in the price of gold proves a blessing in disguise.

PRABHAKAR S. HARSOLE,
Indore.

CONFLICTING OPINIONS

In the article, "Understanding Cancer" by Shivanand Karkal (February 23), it says, "If every woman in the world keeps having a Pap Test done routinely, over a period of ten years, cancer of the cervix will be wiped out just as smallpox has been wiped out from the face of the earth". The Pap Test is only a help for the early detection of cancer of the cervix or from any other site from where the malignant cells are shed, as from the bronchi etc. Further, since the cause of cancer is not known, unlike in the case of small-pox, eradication of cancer is not possible, as we do not know how it is to be done. Certainly, early detection and humane treatment will definitely reduce the morbidity and the mortality from this disease.

In the article "Hysterectomy", it says "...that disfunction of the hormones is a common condition necessitating the removal of the uterus." Unfortunately there appears to be an increasing tendency amongst the younger gynaecologists and their sophisticated clientele to get rid of the uterus as soon as the child-births are over, for rather flimsy reasons. The final observation in this article "...However, for any woman, the uterus is not an organ to be discarded lightly" cannot be over-emphasised.

MATHEW JOHN,
Bangalore.

UNDERSTANDING CANCER

Shivanand Karkal's "Understanding Cancer" (Feb. 23) was an informative and educative article on Cancer. Despite such all round advances in the medical science, cancer has still remained a challenge. An effective and sure remedy is still far away. Eve's Weekly has really done a commendable job in providing an in-depth analysis of cancer. We would appreciate such well written, informative articles on other diseases, too.

K. S. RAMAN,
New Delhi.

SURROGATE HOMES

The articles on women's hostels in New Delhi and Bombay (March 1) were highly informative and thought-provoking. Hostels should definitely not be glorified prisons. For the adult woman student and working woman, they must be a home away from home. From authentic sources I learn that some inmates of a certain women's hostel in Madras were "dicted overnight — "dragged up and pulled by one of the male employees of the hostel and asked to leave the premises".

It is time the higher-ups at the Governmental level took an interest in setting right the state of affairs in women's hostels, guaranteeing the residents freedom without threats of psychological pressures.

VIJAYA AMARNATH,
Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF APRIL 12

INDIAN GYPSIES

The last of the great nomads, the world's gypsies have been hounded over the centuries in every country they have visited, and their existence and problems conveniently ignored. A study of India's gypsy community.

WOMEN AND PSYCHOLOGICAL WELL-BEING

Sex-role stereotyping attributes specific, very different traits to men and women. Studies of traditional femininity and its effects on women's personalities provide disturbing results.

SOPHIA: LIVING AND LOVING

Concluding the sensitive autobiography of Sophia Loren, one of the world's most beautiful women and a person whose incredible rags-to-riches story reveals admirable maturity and strength of character.

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CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

Mrs. K., a middle class housewife, was having trouble hunting down a particular shade of 2x2 for a blouse. When tired and hot, she finally found the shade she wanted. She accepted the shopkeeper's word that it was the product of a reputed mill and paid Rs. 13 for a 70cm. piece without asking any questions. Only when she received the made up blouse from a tailor did she notice that the colour was a little uneven: The tailor, more worldly wise than she, told her "you memshahibs only match the shade without looking at the cloth. This fabric is of a very poor quality and is not 2x2."

After just a couple of washes the blouse was so patchy as to be unwearable. Mrs. K. was now forced to write off the Rs. 13 for the cloth and Rs. 7 for tailoring charges and spend ano-

With millions of consumers going through similar experiences, the loss to the nation must run into crores of rupees. How many can afford to write off costly mistakes? With an enormous and bewildering variety of fabrics and all kinds of variations and combinations of fibres in the market, the consu-

How much shrinkage should one allow for? If it is a garment, can it be hung up or will it stretch out of shape? Most important of all, is the price right?

These are very important questions and if you do not know the right answers you may end up writing off a number of expensive purchases.

organised by the Consumer Guidance Society of India frankly said:

- The stamped ex-mill price does not necessarily represent the correct sale price to the wholesaler.
- The consumer does not know the intermediate

THE TROUBLE WITH TEXTILES

Krishna Basrur



ther Rs. 20 on a second choli because she had carelessly thrown away the cash memo and could not even lodge a complaint. But she has learnt her lesson. Whenever she can, she goes to the mills' retail shops and asks for the material by name to make sure of getting genuine fabrics of reputed mills. If she buys from a store, she insists on seeing the name of the mill stamped on the cloth. And lastly, she always puts aside the cash memo for a couple of months in case she should need to lodge a complaint.

mer today is at a far greater disadvantage in some respects than his ancestors who had a limited choice of natural fabrics such as cotton, wool, silk, linen or jute. Today even textile experts confess that when they shop they do not know what particular blend they are getting.

Knowing practically nothing about the composition of fabrics, the consumer understands even less about their care and pricing. Can a fabric be dried in the sun or will it be injured by sunlight? Will it take ironing or not? Should it be washed in hot, cold or warm water? What should the washing agent be?

Price Marking

As for pricing, two price marking schemes which were introduced but not properly implemented have proved a dismal failure. The voluntary price marking scheme introduced first was totally flouted both by the private and the public sector mills. The second price stamping scheme, whereby the ex-mill price alone is stamped, has been of no help to the consumer at all because he still has to pay whatever price he is asked for, as he has no means of knowing the correct retail price.

Mr. H. S. Fadia, President, Wholesalers Federation, Bombay, speaking at a seminar on "Clothing Needs of Consumers"

costs and handling charges which may be as much as 25 to 30 per cent.

- The ex-mill price is the price for bulk purchase for a minimum 10 to 11 or up to 100 bales.
- The consumer cannot enforce anything and his bargaining is restricted to a total of 4/5 per cent at retail level.
- Because of fictitious stamping, he is only left to his intuition.

Spurious Markings

Adding to the confusion caused by lack of information and useless pricing schemes we have the growing prevalence of misbranding of fabrics and fraudulent use of registered trademarks.

The Consumer Education and Research Centre, Ahmedabad, has pinpointed some of these practices in its publication, "Longer Arms of the Law" by Prof. D. T. Trivedi, B.A., LL.M. Crude imitations of well known trade-



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THE TROUBLE WITH TEXTILES

marks which can easily mislead the incautious or uneducated consumer are increasingly entering the market.

"Sanforized" is a well known trademark of Cluett Peabody and Co. of the U.S.A. When a fabric is stamped with this mark it indicates that it has been pre-shrunk by a particular process and that the manufacturer guarantees that the shrinkage on standard washing will not be more than 1 per cent in both the warp and the weft.

Imitations of this trademark such as "Sansorized," "sercorised" and "sinorised" which convey nothing and guarantee nothing, are found in the market.

Similarly, the trademark "Tebilized" which is the registered trademark of Mettur Beardsell Ltd., Madras, also has imitators. "Tebilised" indicates that the fabric has been subjected to a chemical process which confers on it certain wash and wear and quick drying properties for which norms have been set down. C.E.R.C. points out in its study that spurious trademarks such as "tebinised" and "stabilized" are being stamped on fabrics.

Consumer cheated

Other deceptive markings relate to fibre content. In India polyester is not only the most durable but also one of the most expensive fabrics thanks to a rate of excise duty which is many times the cost of the yarn. Polynosic or cellulosic fibre is much cheaper but much less durable. Fabrics containing more cellulosic than polyester fibres are deliberately stamped "67 per cent Polyester cellulosic 33 per cent cotton" to mislead the consumer into imagining that the fabric is 67 per cent polyester.

Correctly, C.E.R.C. points out, such fabrics should be stamped "52 per cent cellulosic 33 per cent cotton 15 per cent polyester" giving the fibre content in descending order.

This kind of trickery induces the consumer to pay the prices he would normally pay for a 67 per cent polyester fabric. C.E. R.C. has worked out that by doing so he pays from Rs. 6.48 to Rs. 8.67 more for falsely marked shirtings and from Rs. 18.70 to Rs. 29.96 more for falsely marked suitings.

Yet another type of misbranding relates to terms like "mercerised," "wash and wear," "fast

to bleach" which have a definite meaning. These terms indicate that fabrics have been subjected to processes which will enhance the lustre, make the fabric wrinkle proof, or make the colour fast, respectively. All these terms may be initiated without subjecting the cloth to the requisite process. One example is "Mercurised" which has been found stamped on some fabrics!

Legal remedies

C.E.R.C. emphasises that norms for testing these qualities exist and that legal penalties for fraudulent use of registered trade marks have been laid down in the Trade and Merchandise Marks Act, 1958. Fines and two years' simple imprisonment along with forfeiture of the goods can be imposed not only for manufacturing but even for stocking and selling fabrics with false trademarks. Complaints can be lodged with the police or Registrar of Trademarks by the party whose trademark has been imitated or used without authorisation, by any inspector of the Registrar of Trademarks or even by a member of the public.

I asked Mr. R.L.N. Vijaynagar, Secretary, Millowners' Association, what action, if any, the Association takes against such unfair trade practices. It was for the registered owner of the trademark to prosecute the offender, said Mr. Vijaynagar. Asked if the Association would act against its members if they should be guilty of such practices Mr. Vijaynagar said that beyond depriving them of their membership there was nothing the Association could do. And, he admitted, the days when membership of the Association was

greatly valued as a status symbol are past and cancellation of membership may not have a deterrent effect."

Regarding misleading stamping of fibre content, Mr. Vijaynagar said that recently the Textile Commissioner had promulgated an order which made it obligatory for the composite sector (mills which do both spinning and weaving) to stamp the fibre content on the fabrics they produce.

Mr. Vijaynagar asked why the decentralised sector with its 3,50,000 looms should be exempted from this order which is applicable to the composite sector with only 2,50,000 looms. In fact, he felt that no solution could be found to the problem of misbranding as long as this sector was exempted from marking of the fibre content. He hoped that the Textile Commissioner would accept a suggestion he had made in a recent letter that every single producer of cloth containing more than one fibre should be obliged to stamp the fibre content on it, as a measure to protect the consumer.

Regarding the vexing question of price marking, every scheme for which has been a failure so far, Mr. Vijaynagar was of the opinion that the consumer's choice is governed wholly by subjective and personal considerations. Some fabrics achieve instant popularity in some areas but are unpopular in others for inexplicable reasons. Generally profits on fabrics that sell well have to be set off against losses on fabrics that don't sell and have to be disposed of at reduced rates. A certain flexibility in pricing is therefore necessary. Besides, he said, cloth is

distributed all over the country and a mandatory price would give a much higher profit to dealers near manufacturing centres than to upcountry dealers.

Mr. Vijaynagar ascribed high cloth prices to various factors over which the industry had no control. Illustrating the impact of taxation, he said that the price of imported polyester yarn was just Rs. 13 to 14 a kilo, about the same price as cleaned cotton. The price of Indian polyester yarn was about Rs. 32 a kg. By putting a total duty of about Rs. 72 to 90 per kg. on polyester yarn, government ensured that this cheap highly durable and easy-care fabric could be used only by the affluent though in other countries the common man could enjoy its benefits. Excise duty forms over 50 per cent of the purchase price of synthetic fabrics, said Mr. Vijaynagar.

Excessively heavy taxes are crippling the industry leaving little for reinvestment and at the same time the consumer finds most cloth out of his reach. Other factors responsible for high prices are recurring and serious shortages of fuel and power, shortage of railway wagons, subsidising of the inefficient public sector at the cost of the private sector, and restrictions on the weaving capacity of the organised sector, which further depressed production and deprived it of the benefits of the economies of scale.

Every plan, he said, had left the consumer with less purchasing power, and per capita consumption of cloth has gone down from 16.85 metres in 1964 to 13.59 metres in 1978. Availability per capita is hovering between

TEXTILE TIPS

COTTON

Plus Points. This age-old fabric is versatile, inexpensive, durable, stands vigorous laundering and even boiling and is therefore hygienic. Because it is highly absorbent and breathes, it is very comfortable. Fairly fire resistant. Becomes stronger when wet. Its comfort, coolness and washability make it ideal tropical wear.

Minus Points. Creases easily and therefore needs regular ironing.

SILK

Plus Points. The strongest natural fabric, does not soil easily because it does not have short protruding fibres on the surface to catch dirt. Warm, drapes well. Durable and fairly fire resistant. Takes ironing well but can be damaged by high temperatures.

Minus Points. Expensive. Obtained from silk worms by cruel methods. When wet, it needs careful handling as it loses 15 per cent of its strength. Requires gentle washing with liquid detergent or neutral soap flakes.

Harsh alkalis can spoil this delicate fabric. Should preferably be dry-cleaned. Never expose silks to sunlight as it weakens them.

WOOL

Plus Points. Warm. Drapes well, durable.

Minus Points. Expensive. Requires great care while washing to prevent shrinkage and loss of shape. To wash, first draw the outline of the garment on paper. Soak the garment in a lukewarm solution of neutral soap flakes or mild detergent and gently squeeze out dirt. If badly soiled, soak for a few hours. When clean, rinse in a basin

14 to 15 metres per year. Freed of all restrictions, cloth production would have kept pace with the growth in population. Free competition would have ensured lower prices. If all sectors were allowed to produce freely, prices would find their own level. At present not a spindle or loom can be added without permission and every new regulation sets up a new line of corruption. "Today, the consumer is a slave," concluded Mr. Vijaynagar. "He will be king only if there is free production."

Mr. H. Ramakrishna Rao, Industrial Adviser of the Textile Commissioner's Office, does not agree with Mr. Vijaynagar that more production is needed to bring down prices. As proof he cited the fact that per capita consumption is even lower than the abysmally low per capita availability of cloth. Consumption cannot go up even if there is more production because of the lack of purchasing power. There is no shortage of cloth and there is plenty of competition in the textile field, he feels. "If there was a shortage, do you think mills would be offering 15 per cent discount?" he enquired.

Mr. Rao was sure that greater production would not result in lower prices but in unmarketable surpluses because of other factors which push up the prices. Even today, the mills had 20 per cent unutilised capacity, he said. He agreed with Mr. Vijaynagar that excessively high duties, especially on synthetics, which should be the common man's fabric, kept prices high, "but the Government must have revenue." Production costs are going up because of the need to find sub-

stitutes for power and transport which are in short supply.

If railway wagons are not available because of shortage of coal or other problems, the more expensive road transport has to be used, he pointed out. If electricity costing 30 to 35 p. per unit

cannot be got, power from private generators at Rs. 1.50 per unit keeps the industry going. Wages go up because of the all round rise in prices. Cotton prices could not come down when all other prices are going up.

The policy of the Textile Com-

missioner's office is to ensure that there are no shortages, and he believed that there are none. There are no controls on the production of yarn, and 107 million kg. of yarn are being produced per month, and 13,000 million metres of cloth can be woven from this quantity. As for high taxes, these are fixed by the Finance Ministry and the Textile Commissioner's office has no responsibility in the matter.

Asked whether mandatory marking of fibre composition by all sectors producing blended cloth would not curb malpractices, Mr. Rao said they did not have enough staff to enforce such a regulation all over the country. However, those who come across fraudulently marked or misbranded fabrics can complain to his office with all the details as they have a squad of inspectors who can act in such cases. Complaints can also be made to the police or to the Registrar of Trademarks, he said.

In the absence of sufficient staff to enforce mandatory textile regulations, the suggestion of C.E.R.C. that applying false trademarks and false trade descriptions should be made a cognisable offence makes sense, for it would then become the duty of the police to prosecute any cases coming to their notice.

What can the consumer do?

It is clear from the above that textile problems and prices cannot be tackled in isolation, and are inevitably tied up with our slow pace of development, inefficiency in utilising our resources of fuel and power and fai-

Continued on page 58

**When you wear
your best clothes,
Pond's thinks
you should also
wear your
best face**



Help your face look its most beautiful. Touch it with the softness of Pond's Face Powder. It'll give you a smooth, flawless glow that will last for hours. And hours...

Pond's Face Powder
**You'll look as
beautiful as it feels**



Pond's

CP/1462

several times, roll up in a towel and gently squeeze out water without wringing. Spread out on the outline on paper and gently stretch to original size. Dry flat, in the shade. White wool turns yellow if exposed to sunlight.

RAYONS

Rayons are semi-synthetic fibres prepared from wood pulp.

Viscose rayon is heat resistant absorbent and therefore comfortable to wear. Handle carefully when wet. Do not dry in the sun as it is degraded by sunlight.

Acetate rayon. Must be wash-

ed in cold water. Cannot tolerate temperatures of more than 70—80°C.

POLYAMIDES, POLYESTERS, AND ACRYLICS

These are full synthetic fabrics made from elementary carbon compounds.

Plus Points. Polyamides (nylon) are light, very strong, elastic and smooth. Because they are water repellant and non-porous, they are ideal wear in rainy weather. Little ironing is required. The ironing temperature is 130—135 degrees C.

Minus Points. They develop static electric charges which at-

tract dirt. Because they are non-absorbent they are very uncomfortable worn next to the skin. Unsuitable for hot weather. Polyamides tend to turn yellow with time. Another disadvantage is the formation of small balls on the surface.

Polyesters are highly wrinkle resistant. Very durable. Resist abrasion and are very easy to care for. Wetting does not lessen their strength. They are water resistant.

Minus Points. Polyesters may develop static charges which attract dirt after some use as the antistatic chemicals used on them slowly wash off. They should be washed in synthetic detergents which have a slight

antistatic effect. The safe ironing temperature for these fabrics is 135 degrees C.

Acrylics (Orlon). Warm and fluffy like wool but softer, lighter and more insulating. Crease resistant.

Polyester and cotton blends (67 per cent to 33 per cent) are strong and combine the comfort of cotton with the crease resistance and durability of Polyester. A 50-50 combination has lower crease resistance.

Courtesy: Dr. A. V. Shenai, Reader in Fibre Science, Department of Chemical Technology, University of Bombay.



A SUMMER PLACE

Summer vacations are coming around again and the eternal question looms on the horizon: where can we afford to go for a summer holiday? India has a greater range of wide-spectrum holiday places than any other place on earth. But, having said that, we would like to caution you a bit. First, don't read what we have to say below and then dash off madly to the nearest railway station or airport. No one but the very, very, rich can afford to be so impetuous.

Plan your vacation. And if you want to get the best from your vacation you must make sure that there is something in your holiday destination for every member of the family. Second, in the box appearing with this article we give a rough guide to planning your holiday. But re-

*A shikara ride on Dal lake...the wooded
valley of Manali...the marble
carvings of Dilwara...*

HUGH AND COLLEEN GANTZER

help you to plan your holiday jaunt

member that this is only a rough guide. We were given these figures and we personally checked as many of them as we could, but most hill-stations have no system of enforcing reasonable and uniform rates on their hoteliers and tradesmen. Charges fluctuate wildly depending on the popularity of the hill station at that time.

If a particularly hot spell hits the plains and the crowds surge

up to the heights of the mountains, prices climb as steeply. And if a cooling shower should drop the mercury down below, it will also drop the prices up above. Which brings us to the third point. Write and confirm hotel rates and accommodation before you set off. And take up a copy of the hotelier's confirmatory letter with you. With that in your hand you're fairly safe.

Let's go.

KASHMIR. If you're going by rail, head for Jammu and then take a coach or taxi for the 295 km. drive to Srinagar. Try and spend a day wandering around the beautiful temples and excellent Amar Mahal Palace Museum in Jammu. Stay at the Tourist Reception Centre where most tourist facilities... including the IA office... are conveniently located. Your next stop-over is

Srinagar. Built around beautiful emerald-green lakes with encircling mountains. Stay 48 hours at the Tourist Reception Centre, the bus terminus and take-off point for coach tours of Kashmir. Search around for a suitable hotel if you haven't

ABOVE: Flower-seller on Dal Lake, Srinagar.



Riding, trekking, etc. in Kashmir.

found one in advance. Take a shikara ride on the Dal Lake at sunset, tea at the Char Chinar island, coach tours around the gardens and beyond. The Tourist Officers at the Reception Centre are both well-informed and very helpful: seek their help with your arrangements. Srinagar, in a valley, is shirt-sleeve pleasant in summer, but carry a light pullover to ward against sudden chill winds sweeping down from the hills. Before seeking bargains, get familiar with prices and quantities by visiting the Government Emporium — its grounds are excellent for a picnic lunch — and be sure to have your purchases assessed by the Emporium's experts if you feel you've been cheated by a trader. J&K tourist protection laws are very strict and anyone who tries to bilk a tourist can get into very hot water indeed. Spend half



Dharamsala, the quiet retreat of the Dalai Lama.

your holiday in Srinagar: move for the other half to

Pahalgam. Linked by convenient buses to Srinagar as are virtually all other places of tourist interest. The little town of Pahalgam stretches on one side of the rocky, foaming, chortling, gurgling Lidder. The other side has cool pine forests ideal for hikes, rides or getting lost. Mountains rise all around and you can hire a camper's hut and do your own thing within a five-minute walk of the single-street hamlet at the bottom of the grass-covered hillside. A young-at-heart place, surrounded by mountains as pretty as a picture,

it's much cooler than Srinagar, much wilder, much more invigorating. Recommended to put the glow in your cheeks, the sparkle in your eyes and the spring in your stride just before you return home.

Kashmir is accessible and very popular: you're likely to meet friends and acquaintances from home (even acquaintances become friends in Kashmir!)

HIMACHAL is not as accessible as Kashmir, but it's as beautiful, cheaper, and far more get-away-from it all. Our first preference is

Manali: wooded, rustic,

Manali, far from the madding crowd, which Nehru loved.



favourite of Jawaharlal Nehru, well developed for home tourists by the Himachal Government. Buses ply from Chandigarh and Jogindernagar (the end of the narrow gauge line to which you have to change if you come via broad gauge Pathankot) to Kulu, which is the Jammu of Manali, a picturesque valley town rich with fruit trees and bright with a laughing, colourful, people. Manali is a very green, very wooded, very uncrowded valley surrounded by high forested hills. Not much to do but ride, hike, relax and bathe in the tonic sulphur baths: clean, made-for-two private baths with hot, piped-in, natural sulphur water said to be ideal for the skin and general well-being. Also take the bus trip to the 13,000 foot Rohtang Pass, above the tree line where the scenery is as spectacular as pictures of Marlborough Country! For the wilderness buff, go over the hill to the starkly-beautiful Lahaul: soaring, blueing mountain touched with feathery willows, crystal streams shimmering in deep gorges, and independent Tibetan-like mountain people, and the chance of seeing a genuine yak — black as midnight — grazing in a distant field.

Much smaller than Manali more accessible, and recommended for those with a yen for the serene practices of Tibetan Buddhism is

Dharamsala. Definitely a walking town ideal for a short, relaxed, contemplative holiday. The army has its cantonment in the upper reaches of the town, but the main attraction of Dharamsala is its magnificent view of the plains, its picturesque Bagsunath temple and His Holiness the Dalai Lama. The God-King of Tibet chose this coniferous-wooded hamlet as his place of exile and the entire town has an enchanting Tibetan ambience: prayer-wheels, shops, monks and scripture lessons. Most of the town is sun-drenched and thus is ideal for those who would rather not face the rigours of colder mountain resorts. The Dauladhar Hotel, run by the State Tourism Development Corporation, is excellently situated with spacious, well-appointed rooms and a good restaurant. We were impressed with its cleanliness. The approach drive through the much-painted Kangra valley is as beautiful as the miniatures to which it gave its name.

UTTAR PRADESH is far better

known than Himachal and it also has the advantage of having northern India's most accessible hill-station.

Mussoorie: a 7-hour overnight bus ride from Delhi, two hours by bus from the rail head of Dehra Dun. Mussoorie has a wide range of accommodation and hotel touts come to the bus terminus at the Picture Palace (the eastern end of the Mall)



and the Library (the western end). If you have not made reservations in advance, either terminus will do, otherwise get your hotel to specify what terminus you should ask for. The walking distance between one terminus and the other is 30 minutes, if you are not very tired. Mussoorie has always had the reputation of being a fun-town; restaurants, beauty-competitions, roller skating, dancing, riding, shopping, rambling down shaded lonely roads, picknicking, hiking. Tends to be bright, colourful, crowded and full of life in the summer. Particularly popular with the college crowd from Delhi and Bombay in summer. Not much to see but a good place to have a good time if

you can muster the energy to live 18 plus hours a day!

RAJASTHAN is not usually associated with cool mountains, but it does have a lake-centered hill station with the added bonus of world-famous Jain temples with marble carvings as exquisite as fine, white, lace: Dilwara in Mount Abu, a boating, walking town, rewarding after the long drive up from the

cularly the enormous panels carved in enormous stylised Passion Flowers: they are breathtaking in their delicate symmetry.

TAMIL NADU's two major hill stations are also built around mountain lakes, but their characters are completely different.

Ootacamund (it has another tongue-twisting name now, but it's still Ooty to all but the determined bureaucrats and politicians) is a sophisticated southern mountain resort with racing... when the government does not have its bouts of reformist zeal... riding to hounds on the downs, amateur dramatics and chorales in the neighbouring hamlets of Coonoor and Wellington, and a far-famed Flower Show. The British planters built it to replicate an English village and it still has much of the "Field and Stream" atmosphere, including trout fishing not very far away. There is a wide range of accommodation available, the town is served by taxis and buses... not a usual facility in hill stations... and there's a delightful lake where you can take your choice of boats including pedal ones which make the riders look rather like straw-hatted tandem cyclists from a 1920's film, but are quite comfortable we've been told. One of the major attractions of Ooty is that there is something for everyone: sports, long walks, shopping, hiking, excellent Toda handicrafts, succulent vegetables and milk for the diet conscious, and a tiny mountain railway that goes puffing determinedly across a patchwork-quilt of a valley much like a sequence from a children's film. For the browser we especially recommend the beautiful old Ooty Library which reminded us of something of a medieval manuscript: golden light pouring through the high windows, the glow of old books and a thought-drenched silence.

But if it's silence and serenity you're looking for, you should head out for the Palni Hills, near Madurai, and the delightful resort of

Kodaikanal. This is, definitely, straight out of Alice in Wonderland: a long, slow, sun-warmed afternoon tale told in a completely timeless fashion, as nostalgically serene as a woodcut. The drive from the bottom of the hill — you can approach the ghat road from either Dindigul or Madurai — to the top passes through some of the loveliest wooded country we have ever seen. It is so variedly beautiful,

Strictly a fun place, Mussoorie is the most accessible hill station to Delhi.

Ghats. The Tourist Bungalow is large and rambling but well situated. Its restaurant is adequate. Oddly, it is not popular with Rajasthanis but does draw a large, young, and vivacious crowd from Gujarat. A visit to the Dilwara temples is a must: its pillars and ceilings have probably the world's finest marble carvings. Though the old Italian masters might have produced more expressive statues, no one has equalled the detail perfection of intricate work that one finds in Dilwara. And don't forget to look at the ceilings, parti-

with a distant waterfall and a near one thrown in for good measure, that it feels as if you are going through a park. Deciduous forests give way to evergreens, evergreen to tree-ferns, tree-ferns to tall, sombre, conifers. The mountain-stretching spread of the hamlet comes into view unexpectedly and the lake is hidden by steep approach

roads. Accommodation is limited... Kodai never really gets crowded the way most other hill resorts do... but adequate most of the year. And this is strictly a relaxed, while-away-the-hours, holiday town. People retire early in Kodai, get up late, and spend most of the day drifting on the lake, or ambling around it. Those who must take life

seriously work out on an interesting golf course, but most just allow themselves to unravel, build up their psychic resources, relax and let nature do its healing work while cares flake away like dried patches of sunburn. And though we should not really admit it, Kodai ranks very close to the top of our favourite holiday resorts.

So there you have it: thumbnail sketches of eight summer holiday places. They each have a distinct character, cater to a specific need. But they all cleanse the soul, repair the psyche, refresh the mind and restore the body.

And now go ahead and take your first heady draught of a Summer Place.

MANALI :

Height : 1926 metres
Rail : Chandigarh 312 km. Pathankot 326 km.
Road : Bus from Chandigarh — 12 hours; Pathankot 14 hrs. Rohtang Pass — 51 km., Kelong (Lahaul) 117 km.
Accommodation : From 150/- (2 bedroom log hut) to 40/- (double — Tourist Bungalow) to 3/- (per bed. Youth Hostel)
Shopping : Fossil coral, amber, Tibetan ware.
Contact : Tourist Development Officer, Manali, Himachal Pradesh.

DHARAMSALA :

Height : 1250 metres
Rail : Pathankot — 90 km.
Road : Bus from Chandigarh — 239 km. Jullunder — 166 km. Manali — 150 km.
Accommodation : From 75/- (deluxe), 40/- (double) both in Dauladhar; to 6/- (per bed in dormitory in Tourist Bungalow).
Shopping : Tibetan handicrafts.
Contact : Area Manager, HP Tourism Development Corporation, Dharamsala.

MUSSOORIE :

Height : 2000 metres.
Rail : Dehra Dun — 27 km.
Road : Bus from Delhi — 200 km., Dehra Dun — 27 km.
Accommodation : From 200/- (double) to 75/- (single) to 20/- (single).
Shopping : Wide range as many shops from the plains open seasonal branches here. Also walking sticks and Tibetan handicrafts.
Contact : The Tourist Office, The Mall, Mussoorie.

JAMMU (stop over)

Accommodation : From 100/- (double Hotel Asia) to 50/- (single, Jammu Hotel) to 35/- (double, Tourist Reception Centre).

SRINAGAR :

Height : 1585 metres.
Rail : Jammu — 295 km.
Road : Jammu via Kud, Batote. Banihal and Verinag.
Accommodation : From 450/- (double + Oberoi Palace), 250/- (double Hotel Broadway) to 45/- (double Tourist Reception Centre; 35/- (retiring rooms — Tourist Reception Centre) to 10/- (Houseboats — 200/- double — 45 single).
Shopping : Unlimited handicrafts.

Tours :

9 to all neighbouring places of interest (8.30/9.00 departure — 7 p.m. return).

Contact :

Directorate of Tourism, Jammu & Kashmir, Government Tourist Reception Centre, Srinagar.

PAHALGAM :

Height : 2134 metres.
Rail : Jammu via Srinagar.
Road : Srinagar — 96 km.
Accommodation : 200/- (double + Pahalgam); 60/- (2 bedroom hut) 15/- (single + Tourist Bungalow).
Shopping : Embroidered felt rugs & mats handicrafts as in Srinagar but limited choice.
Contact : Tourist officer, Govt. of Jammu & Kashmir, Pahalgam.

MOUNT ABU :

Height : 1219 metres.
Rail : Abu Road — 20 km.
Road : Buses from Abu Road, Jodhpur via Sirohi: 265 km. Udaipur 320 km.
Accommodation : 50/- (two double bedroom cottages), 15/- (single) both in Tourist Bungalow.

OOTACAMUND :

Height : 2,266 metres.
Rail : Coimbatore: 88 km.
 Ooty is also connected to the plains by an interesting little hill train.
Road : Buses from Coimbatore, Bangalore — 298 km. Madras — 313 km., Madras — 592 km.
Accommodation : 200/- (double — Savoy) to 75/- (single — Fernhill) to 75/- (double with full board YWCA, Anandagiri), 20/- (single — ITDC Tourist Bungalow).
Shopping : Toda shawls, Tamil Nadu handicrafts, TACEL crockery.
Contact : Tourist Office, Ootacamund.

KODAIKANAL :

Height : 2,133 metres.
Rail : Kodaikanal Road — 80 km.
Road : Buses from Madurai — 120 km.; Trichy — 192 km. Madras — 520 km.
Accommodation : 100/- (double — Carlton), 35/- (double — Tamil Nadu Tourism Development Corpn), 6/- (Tourist Rest House — single)
Shopping : Mission handicrafts.
Contact : Tourist Information Centre, Kodaikanal Township, Kodaikanal.



Who says nothing is perfect?

There are some things before which mankind's most depressing cliché, 'Nothing is perfect' crumbles.

The square, for instance.

A figure whose every angle is a right angle. 90°. A unique equilateral rectangle.

It's perfect.

Much like the suiting and shirting Jiyajee gives you.

They come with design perfection, blend perfection and weave perfection.

Come take a look at them. You'll know you've finally found the perfect fabric.

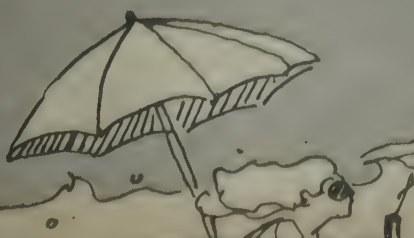
Your fabric.

ROADWAY SUITING • NIGHT STAR SUITING

GPIPER SHIRTING • DOLFIN SHIRTING

JIYAJEE

WANT SUITING • SHIRTING



Travel in India is as old as Indian civilisation itself. Our great sages and seers exhorted people to visit the four Dhams or sacred cities in the four corners of the country, incidentally visiting other religious centres also. The spiritual fervour inspiring their travels made their physical tribulations seem trivial.

The concept of travel for pleasure is, however, something we have inherited from the West. In fact, the mass movement of tourists all over the world is a post-World War II phenomenon. It has grown to such proportions that Tourism today is the largest single item in world trade, bringing in its wake tremendous economic development. As we are all aware, tourism earns the foreign exchange so necessary for the economic progress of under-developed countries. Soon after World War II, many of the economically depleted nations of the West wiped out their trade deficits and adverse balance of payments position by Tourism alone. Countries like Spain, Italy and Greece have made Tourism the main industry in their countries.

Unfortunately, there is a high concentration of travel between a few of the economically advanced nations. Some 15 nations of the world receive 90 per cent of the world's tourists. This means that the remaining countries of the world have to compete for the remaining 10 per cent. Hence the poor revenue from tourism earned by developing countries like ours.

However, in absolute terms, International Tourism has been growing steadily in India. Starting with less than 17,000 tourists in 1951, we have reached the figure of nearly 7.65 lakhs in 1979. Our foreign exchange earnings have risen from Rs. 13 lakhs in 1957 to Rs. 330 crores in 1978. Tourism ranks sixth in the list of major export industries in the country, which is a great achievement indeed.

International Tourism which is a major export industry is also a service industry. Therefore it does not deprive the country of export of any essential commodity.

Even more important is the

THE IMPORTANCE OF TOURISM

Shakunthala Jagannathan

fact that the Tourist industry leads to the growth of a large number of subsidiary and ancillary industries. The building of hotels, the consumer items required by these hotels, the many-sided development of tourist resorts and the transport industry, the growth of handicraft industries, the training of guides and the encouragement to artistes in the entertainment field are but a few of the facets that blossom under Tourism.

Most important of all, international Tourism leads to a tremendous growth in domestic Tourism also. A vast country like ours has much to gain from domestic Tourism, the most important being national integration. Travel also brings about cultural understanding and a tolerance of one another's customs and mores, something so greatly lacking among our people. The educational, sociological and cultural advantages of domestic Tourism have no parallel and need to be encouraged.

All over the world, domestic tourism forms the major part of world travel, as 75 to 80 per cent of all tourist expenditure is within one's own country.

The largest number of foreign tourists in any country should be from neighbouring countries. Except from Sri Lanka, we receive very few tourists in India from our neighbours, which is indeed unfortunate. Hopefully, in the coming years this lacuna will be rectified.

If international and domestic Tourism are to grow simultaneously, some of the urgent steps required to be taken are as follows:

1) Firstly, Tourism, in view of its importance as a major export industry should feature in the list of priority industries. If this is done, then within a very short time our foreign exchange earnings, it is estimated, would be well over Rs. 2000 crores as com-

pared to our present earnings of Rs. 330 crores. It must however be remembered that Tourism is one field where one cannot earn without spending, and the investment on tourism in our country has been negligible in relation to the potential.

2) The greatest lacuna has been insufficient accommodation. Inadequate hotel rooms of all categories, 1- to 5-star, make travel difficult, and at times impossible. Unless a sufficient number of hotels are available at the main and subsidiary centres, tourism cannot grow. The Government of India Department of Tourism has built Travellers' Lodges, Tourist Bungalows and Youth Hostels all over the country and also partially financed the Holiday Camps and Tourist Bungalows of the State Governments. But these will have to be supplemented by low-priced, medium-priced and high-priced hotels and pension type accommodation. This means that the States have to do some rethinking on how to increase accommodation at their tourist centres. In Bombay, for example, hotel rates of the low and medium-priced hotels do not at all match the poor facilities provided. Unless the FSI (Floor Space Index) is relaxed and more and more hotels come up providing some competition, the position will not improve.

To get air and rail reservations today is next to impossible, as we all know. Possibly the transport of tomorrow will be by buses and luxury coaches, as more and more persons are leaning towards this mode of travel. The State Tourism Corporations and the I.T.D.C. are already running several tours. Recently I convened a meeting of the State Tourism Corporation and Tourism Directors of all the States of Western and Southern India to examine the possibility of the States running interconnected package tours by luxur-

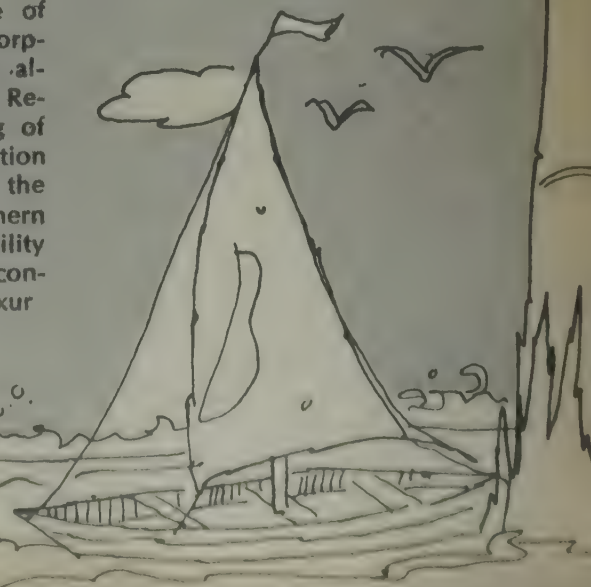
coach so that the traveller travels in comfort, sees much of the countryside and does not face problems of obtaining reservations at every stage. Hopefully, such tours will run from Gujarat to Kerala, giving travellers a choice of packages.

However, this also means that State Governments must improve wayside amenities on the main tourist routes in their states. At present, except in a few States, practically none exist.

From our experience we have found that Tourism is one field where supply actually increases demand. Khajuraho and Udaipur, for example, were unknown jewels rarely visited all these years. Once one 1st class hotel came up at each of these places, suddenly tourists of all income levels were attracted to these centres, creating a demand for hotels of all prices.

In many parts of the world, Tourism has been utilised to improve the ecology and the environment. In our anxiety to promote Tourism we should ensure that the ecology is not disturbed and our beautiful flora and fauna are enriched and not destroyed.

One of the great plus-points for promoting Tourism in India, both international and domestic, is the employment potential of tourism. It is estimated that by the end of 1980, two million persons will have found employment through the growth of international tourism. Tourism is a labour intensive industry where modernisation does not lead to automation. In a country like India, the high employment potential, especially of educated unemployed persons, will not only lead to more prosperity but will result in the happiness of those gainfully employed.



PASSING THROUGH

M. M. Kaye, author of "The Far Pavilions" and "Shadow of the Moon," comes to India in some ways more Indian than some of us. When she arrived in Delhi, she bent down and touched the ground of the land, where she was born. She spent the first ten years of her life in Delhi and comes from a family that had grown to love India. Her grandfather, William Kaye belonged to the Bengal Civil Service. His cousin, Sir John Kaye, wrote the classic six-volume history of the Indian Mutiny. After her education in England, Molly Kaye returned to India to marry Major-General Goff Hamilton, then an officer in Queen Victoria's Own Corps of Guides. In writing "The Far Pavilions" and "Shadow of the Moon", she has drawn on the wealth of her own memory of a childhood spent in Curzon House, Old Delhi, close to Kashmir Gate, and Kudsia Bagh — sites that feature so significantly in her two novels.

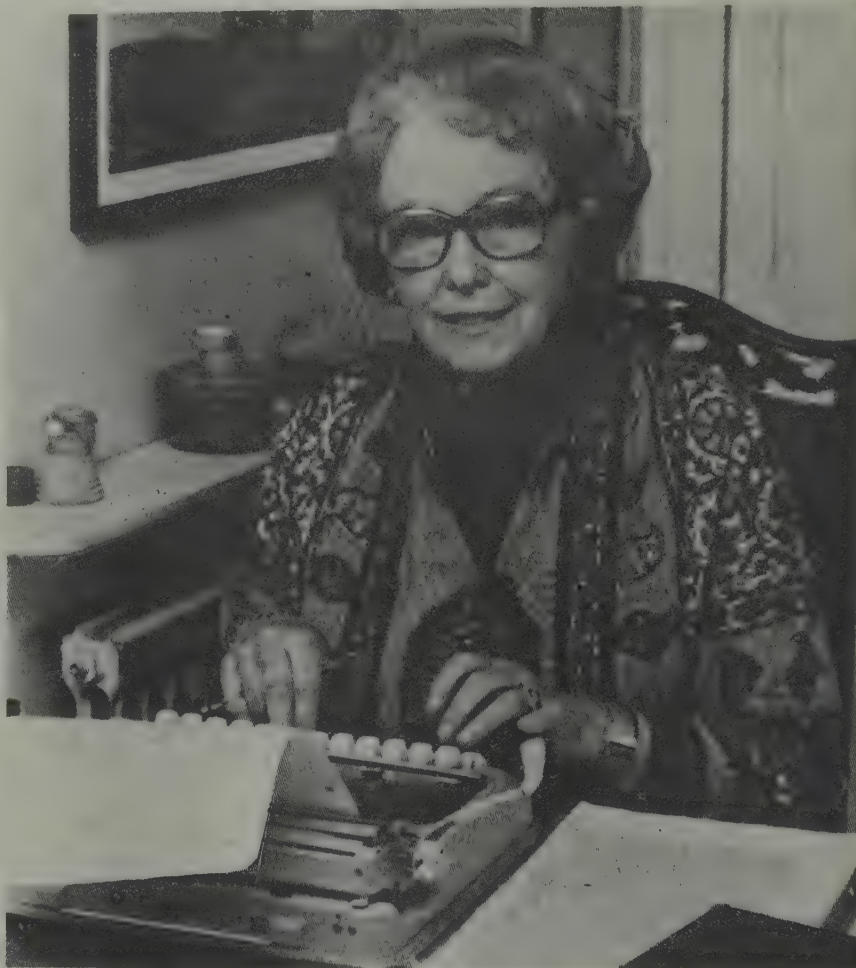
Molly Kaye is a marvellous product of this century, the new woman who can combine the roles of a full-time wife, mother and grandmother and still find the creative energy to write two brilliant novels with an undiminished intelligence.

Apart from the two well known novels about India, Molly Kaye has also written another novel, "Trade Wind" set in Zanzibar, and some detective novels, and books for children. "The Far Pavilions" and "Shadow of the Moon" seem to offer a good combination of history and fiction and they are both products of the author's intensive research work done in India and in England. The two books emerge as fictionalised history, sustained by a kind of historic sympathy that is fair both to the English and the Indian viewpoint.

"Shadow of the Moon", published by Penguin, tells us about John Company which administered justice and law to sixty million Indians before the Indian Mutiny of 1857. Kaye stumbled upon her source material in a strange way in an outhouse of a Rajasthan Residency, where she found a verbal record of the Mutiny caked in mud. She studied the facts and decided to write a book which would show that the seeds of the Mutiny

MOLLIE M. KAYE

ONCE MORE, THE RAJ



were sown long before the final outbreak. The novel recaptures the glittering gaiety of social life in British India before the Mutiny with secret and sinister intrigues in the background, often hinting at some barbaric rites performed in secrecy.

"The Far Pavilions," also in a Penguin edition, appeared after "Shadow of the Moon", and swept readers off their feet with its magnificent canvas and its wealth of people and events. Covering some twenty-five years after the Mutiny up to the Second Afghan War, "The Far Pavilions" had an impact like "Gone with the Wind," and "The Times" declared that "Tara has come to Peshawar." Some of its scenes of battle are on so magnificent a scale that a veteran like Paul Scott, author of "The Raj Quartet", commended her description of the cavalry charge as "absolutely magnificent."

Molly Kaye's commitment to history is total and she places the women in India in their true historic context. And here, an occasional British point of view helps. To Emily Ware of "Shadow of the Moon", India "is a barbaric country with a medieval standard of morality," operating with its stubborn mores even at the turn of the century.

left an imprint on the gate on her last journey to her fiery death.

The cruelty of her fate was lost on the crowds of cheering Indians whose brains have gone numb by decades of these rituals. Princess Anjali comments rightly on the ineffective British laws against this barbaric custom: "Only when women themselves refuse to submit to this custom will it cease," she says to Ashton.

How symbolic "suttee" is, even today, of the way a nation has heaped injustice and cruelty on its women without any qualms of conscience, and of the way women betray their own cause by helping to execute an act of injustice.

Molly Kaye writes her novels in a prose that is so evocative, it fills the pages with the noise and smell of India, "the smell of boiling ghee, curry and asafoetida" in the kitchen courtyards, mingling with the scent of sandalwood and attar of roses of the zenana quarters. Even the hookah that the men settle down with in their leisure hours makes malicious chuckling sounds, gurgling with sly gossip. Her novels show an India plagued by caste distinctions, where religion has failed to bring brotherhood and love, and where castes continue to perpetuate the idea of "traditional" enemies.

And yet, Molly Kaye's books evoke a sense of wonder about the beauty of India in all its contradictions. Alex Randall in "Shadow of the Moon" tells his girl that "Hindus were writing books when we in Europe were living in caves." And graceful domes of palaces rose above narrow, filthy and insanitary streets. Balancing all these opposing pulls is the creative sympathy of the author, which sustains and unifies her vision.

An interesting eighteen-day package tour called The Far Pavilions Tour is being organised to cover regions in North India to evoke the memories of the events in the book. Molly Kaye will herself lead the first of these groups from England and they plan to visit many historic sites — the Gardens of the Maids of Honour and Jag Mandir Island in Udaipur; the Hawa Mahal, and the romantic, deserted palace city of Amber at Udaipur; Fatehpur Sikri and the Taj, Agra, the son-et-lumiere at the Red Fort in Delhi; sunset over the Himalayas, and Gulmarg, Kashmir.

Lakshmi Kannan

Within India, Princess Anjali of "The Far Pavilions" muses that "the dice were heavily loaded in favour of men." A woman could not, for instance, choose her own husband. Even a cruel man is worshipped by his wife, who later pays him the ultimate honour of burning with him on his pyre in the "suttee". The King of Bithor in "The Far Pavilions" strikes a cold business deal with the dowry offered him (not unlike the present-day veiled calculations) and the ageing king bargains condescendingly for the hand of a young and pretty princess whose dowry is meagre.

Punctuating the novels at regular intervals is the motif of the "suttee." Molly Kaye recounts the horror of this ritual as it was practised among the royal and upper class widows. The Suttee Gate in "The Far Pavilions" bears witness to each young widow who dipped her slender hand in a red dye and

AN INTERVIEW WITH M.M. KAYE

"Yes, how does one begin to write?" says Molly Kaye, author of the two best selling novels—"The Far Pavilions" and "Shadow of the Moon". "For me of course, a subject was ready to hand — the Mutiny was always there in the background. Having been born in Simla, we couldn't have been nearer the seat of the Raj, and having grown up in India, I was constantly subjected to anecdotes of the Mutiny. There were several bits that intrigued me, and many years later, when I returned to India, I decided to use these in a novel. 'Shadow of the Moon' was written first, and published in an edited form, but it has been brought out again now, and of course 'The Far Pavilions' was published in 1978."

Molly Kaye grew up in Delhi in Curzon House, which was very near the Kashmir Gate. In the back garden stood a stone and brick plinth which had been erected to mark the site of the siege batteries used in the final assault of the Mutiny. "Our mali, clever man that he was,

used it very cheerfully to stack his flower pots." This battery had in fact been commanded by the brother of Molly Kaye's grandfather.

Qudsia Bagh, the Mutiny Cemetery, the old Chandni Chowk, were all as familiar as any childhood surroundings could be, and as Molly and Betty, her sister, spoke Hindustani even better than they spoke English, they naturally sat with their ayah and listened with rapt attention to gory tales of intrigues, battles and beheadings.

"I began to write when I was quite young. I was back in London, I had lost my father, and I needed the money. I had read countless numbers of romantic novels, and deep down within me I kept feeling — surely if someone else can write them, I can write them too. So I wrote one and sent it to a publisher — and it was accepted! Then I wrote another." Molly has also written several mystery novels.

Molly was fortunate to have Paul Scott, author of the well known "Raj Quartet", as her

agent. He advised and guided her. Later, when he got more and more busy with his own writing, he stopped working for her, but Molly always turned to him for advice. When Scott read "The Far Pavilions" he had only one word to say. He telephoned Molly and said, "Shabash!" The novel was published a little later, but unfortunately Scott never lived to see it in print.

"The Far Pavilions" spreads over 950 pages — a saga that covers several years and takes the reader across the north of India through the Mutiny to Afghanistan, and the Afghan War. The hero, Akbar Ashton Pelham — called Ash Baba, an orphan, is brought up by his Hindu nurse, who tints his skin a brown colour to save him during the Mutiny. They move to a small state and here Ash grows up. He comes back many years later and marries Anjuli, the princess, who as a little girl used to follow him around everywhere.

In "Shadow of the Moon", Alex Randall has to bring Winter from England to marry his boss. Randall, against his own

will, falls in love with Winter. They are finally united — but only after facing terrible bloodshed and destruction.

"Both your heroines are of mixed parentage — is there any particular significance in that?" "You see," she replied "the pure bred looks down on the half-castes. I wanted both my heroines to be half-caste. I wanted Anjuli to be tormented and taunted — to have something in common with Ash."

The books had to be extensively researched. Molly spent days in the British Museum, in the Map Room, the Army Museum in London the R.M.A. in Sandhurst, the India Office and the India Office Library. "I must have taken enough notes to fill a suitcase," she says. And all the time there were interruptions — weddings, the arrival of grandchildren, house guests, travelling, and ill-health.

She wrote four versions of just one scene — the one that Paul Scott loved. "One might think that M. M. Kaye had actually been present," he wrote.

Bilkiz Alladin

The Sheriff of Bombay, Mr. Dilip Kumar, picked the lucky winners from 4,000 entries received for this contest. The draw was held at the Sheriff's office on February 29, 1980.

1ST PRIZE:
KUSUM L. SHAH,
of Bombay.

(Wins a wardrobe worth Rs. 10,000)

2ND PRIZE:
MISS SUNAINA KAMATH,
of Bombay.

(Wins a wardrobe worth Rs. 5,000)

3RD PRIZE:
MISS ANNA HENRIQUES,
of Bombay.

(Wins a wardrobe worth Rs. 3,000)

The following are the Consolation Prize Winners, receiving Rs. 200 each.

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------|
| 1. ARCHANA BHAKTA, | Bombay |
| 2. MISS BERYL PEREIRA, | Mangalore |
| 3. SHEILA RAO, | Jamshedpur |
| 4. MISS ANITA PENKAR, | Thane |
| 5. SUSHEILA PINTO, | Bombay |
| 6. MRS. RADHA SHENOY, | Karnataka |
| 7. MRS. HALIMA SIBTAIN, | New Delhi |
| 8. MRS. USHA RAJAGOPALAN, | Trivandrum |
| 9. MRS. SUDESH BHALLA, | Bombay |
| 10. MISS FAY FERNANDEZ, | Bombay |

We thank all the participants for their co-operation and keen interest in the contest.

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Shatrughan Sinha has always been aggressively male ever since he strode into films with his slightly swaggering walk (shoulders at an angle), his fierce brown eyes and attractive drawl. Some even found the scar at the corner of his mouth part of his masculinity.

Being among the top stars has itself been a source of travails, some trifling, some big. Along with this, the effect he has on women has led to problems in his personal life. But somehow, the presence of problems on both the professional and personal fronts don't seem to dampen Shatru's *joie de vivre*; he's the merrier for it!

We were meeting on a high-voltage-star set: "Naseeb" was being filmed with Amitabh Bachchan, Hema Malini, Reena Roy, all engrossed in different dance steps on a revolving stage as big as a circus arena, crammed with over a hundred other minor artistes. During a break in his shots, Shatru sat and chatted in his typically friendly fashion, laced with jokes and wisecracks.

"I have always maintained, 'confidence thy name is Shatrughan Sinha.' No matter what brickbats they threw at me when I decided to change over from villain roles to hero roles, I knew what I was doing and how good I was. Nothing fazed me, not even the adulation and the *taalis* I got when I made my mark in hero roles."

Along with his famous confidence, he claims to have a sense of balance which keeps him steady and unshaken no matter whether *taalis* are showered on him or *gaalis*. As an actor, whether it was "Aa Gale Lag Jaa", "Chetna" or "Khan Dost" or "Vishwanath" he has maintained the same level of excellence.

When Shatru first made the momentous decision to change over to hero roles, he had to start right from the bottom of the line, from scratch (from his top villain status) and face some ferocious competition. Considering that, he certainly has taken no time at all to get to the top. He is already rubbing shoulders with Amitabh, Dharmendra, Rajesh, Shashi, on terms of equality.

"From No. 5 position to No. 1, it is your films that take you. The pace depends on the success of your films."

Recently there was some rift rumoured to have sprung up between him and Amitabh with the release of "Kaala Patthar" where Shatru excelled himself, in fact, he overshadowed the

SHATRUGHAN SINHA: SELF-CONFIDENCE IS HIS TRADE MARK

Vijaya Irani



great Bachchan! The film was no hit, but Shatru was acclaimed as the massive budget film's only redeeming feature.

But Shatru dismissed this as spiteful gossip, and I had seen this for myself on the sets of "Dostana" when the two of them kept clowning continuously with each other to the amusement of the unit. In "Naseeb" again they were together. And getting along famously.

What about his love-life?

For 14 years he has been going steady with the beautiful Poonam. Still, he has had link-ups with women from his profession, notably with Reena Roy.

"So, when are you getting married?" I asked him.

"Doomsday is approaching fast, I am afraid," he quipped.

How does he manage to strike a balance in this sticky situation, torn between two women? Handling emotional hassles is so much more difficult than handling professional difficulties.

"Who helps you to get out of the tensions these situations create?" I asked.

"Who helps me? Mmm: ... my Yoga! My *shavaasan*," he said and promptly lay down like a corpse for my benefit and then laughed heartily. Obviously, tensions don't weigh on him too heavily!

Politics was another favourite activity with him. He campaigned vigorously for the Janata Party during the recent general election.

"Neta is a four-letter word with me now. I shall never campaign for parties, only for the candidates I trust. As for Mrs. Gandhi, I have always been her greatest fan; in fact, these were the opening words of my speech at the Janata rally, for which I nearly got blows from party enthusiasts. Honestly, if ever anyone has managed to shake my slogan of 'Confidence, thy name is Shatrughan Sinha,' it is this lady, a star among politicians! During the half hour I met her, her tremendous personality just left me fumbling and faltering in English and Hindi and umms and uh-uhs!"

Yes, Shatru too is a strong personality who knows what he wants and is not afraid of going after it, unmindful of the risks. Both in his professional and in his personal life, he has shown a resolute will to pursue his goals and he has set his goals high.

THE HERO

Sandip Mukherji

WHEN Kumar came to Bombay from Rampur to work as a clerk in a bank, he had very definite ideas about his career. He would soon be a film star. Pretty young girls would claw each other just to get a whiff of his after-shave bouquet. Attractive middle aged ladies would hound him to get him married to their nubile daughters. Producers would queue up for him to sign on the dotted line. Lyric writers would eulogize the waves in his hair, the tears in his laughter, the compassion in his smile. He would be rich. But he would continue to work as a clerk in the bank, doing meaty roles in meaningful movies in his spare time. He would not be disloyal to the institution which had given him his first break. He would be its biggest depositor and its smallest employee. He would combine extravagant achievements with simple living.

Kumar was confident that he would be noticed. There were so many film people in Bombay that he just had to be noticed. He avoided buses and walked everywhere to get maximum exposure and give people an opportunity to notice him. He always wore goggles because somebody had told him that he looked like Amol Palekar in them. He stopped putting Clearasil on his pimples and flaunted them as evidence of his manhood. He smoked whenever he was on the streets because he could do it with the elan of Shatrughan Sinha. He strode through the streets of Bombay in his checked shirt, broad belt, flares and leather boots with the quiet assurance of a man who knows that success is around the corner.

While he was thus waiting to be noticed, Kumar noticed Rekha. She was also a clerk in the bank and her table was close to his. She was tall, slim and fair. Her features had been delicately carved by some master craftsman who must have forgotten his art because there was none else like her. A delicate nose gave way to rose bud lips that were made to be kissed. Her long flowing hair was as soft as the breeze on a starlit beach. Her dark oval eyes were deep reservoirs of emotion,

pools of tragedy like those of Meena Kumari, of laughter like Jaya Bhaduri's. Kumar decided that she would be his heroine if only he could persuade her.

He didn't want to talk to her in the office because there would be gossip, and gossip can ruin a career. He decided that the best time to talk to her would be when she was coming to office. He knew that she came

from Andheri by the 9.20 local and walked to office from Churchgate. There was a narrow short cut across the road from the station which she always took and if he waited for her there, he was sure to catch her.

She would be surprised to see him standing there, waiting for her. She would look at him for a moment in shy confusion, then would look away.

"Hello Rekha," he would call out to her nonchalantly, hands on his hips.

She would hesitate.

"Yes Rekha, I'm calling you," he would say reassuringly.

She would approach with shortening steps and stand before him, her face raised in inquiry, her lips parted in anticipation.

"I like you, Rekha," he would say directly, his cool brown eyes locked to hers.

She would blush, lower her eyes modestly, then raise them again to see if he meant it.

"Yes, I mean it," he would say, smiling gently. "I really like you."

She would press her lips together in embarrassment and look at her watch.

He would long to take her soft white wrist and slip his fingers into hers, but he would restrain himself. Then he would look at the straight white line of the parting of her hair yet free from sindoor and he would smell her heady perfume and, overcome by emotion, he would mumble, "I love you, Rekha."

She would look up with a startled blush and walk away to-



wards the office. He would straighten his goggles and follow her — slowly to give her time to collect her thoughts. Just before entering the office, she would pause on the steps and smile at him over her shoulder.

Kumar looked at his watch. It was 10.15. She was late. Kumar had been waiting for nearly an hour. The road was throbbing with activity. People hurried to get to office on time. Nobody paid any attention to him. The cigarette smoke hurt his lungs. His mouth tasted acrid. He flicked away the half-smoked cigarette and took a step forward to crush it under his foot. Sweat glistened on his forehead. He had forgotten his handkerchief at home. He took off his goggles. The sudden glare hurt his eyes and he squinted at the crowd emerging from the station. He polished his goggles on his shirt and wiped his face with his sleeve. He put back his goggles. A fat fly buzzed around and settled on his nose. He swiped at it. It flew away, but came back again to explore his left ear. He shook his head violently and the goggles almost fell off. He straightened them with his right hand, then took out his

"Rekha!" His call was muted. She did not hear him. One or two people glanced at him and hurried on. He plunged into the crowd, shoving and elbowing his way forward. People protested, one or two pushed him back, but he struggled on. He finally caught up with her on the main road.

He strode through the streets of Bombay in his checked shirt and leather boots with the quiet assurance of a man who knows that success is around the corner

"Hello Rekha," he panted.

She looked at him surprised, but she didn't slacken her pace. "Hello," she said.

He fell into step with her. "I was waiting for you." He looked at her sideways to see her reaction.

"Why?" she asked, still walking.

"Just like that." He brushed his hair with his right hand. "I wanted to talk to you."

in front of him to see if he was listening to them.

They walked in silence. "You're late today," Kumar said.

"I missed a train." She looked at her watch and quickened her pace.

The office was in sight now. It was now or never. "Rekha," Kumar said, pulling his shirt

sleeve across his mouth to wipe off the sweat above his lips.

"Yes?" She was still walking fast.

"Why are you hurrying so much?"

"I'm late."

She climbed up the steps and hurried into the office. Kumar paused on the steps. He tore the goggles off his face, thrust them into his pocket and went in.

Kumar did not mope over this disaster. He knew that ups and downs were the essence of life and while it was easy to coast along through the ups, it was the ability to negotiate the downs that made heroes of people.

He decided to be more direct in his approach. He would walk up to her during the lunch break and ask her to see an evening show with him. She would laugh that they wouldn't get tickets. He would produce the two balcony tickets he would purchase in advance. She would realise that she had been outmanoeuvred and after demurring coyly for a while, she would relent.

They would be watching the movie, his arm on the armrest between them, hers demurely on her lap. At some light moment in the movie, he would laugh and spontaneously clutch her arm, drawing his hand back in immediate remorse. As the movie progressed and the romance ran into difficulties, he would grip her arm at the more poignant scenes and retain his grip for just a while longer each time. Finally, when the bad guys had all the good guys securely chained in a remote godown and all seemed lost, he would firmly hold her sweating palm to show that he was with her

and she would press his hand tightly to tell him that she was glad he was with her. Then, when everything turned out all right, he would gently stroke her palm and say, "There, there, I told you everything would be all right, didn't I? But how you have suffered, my darling, how you have suffered!" He would then gently release her palm just as the lights came on and they would smile at each other as they stood up. He would walk protectively in front and she would follow close behind him, her head bowed down. There would be shehnai music in the air.

When "Son of Mother India" was released with every top star from Amitabh and Amol to Zeenat and Zarina in it, Kumar stood in line for two hours forty-three minutes and thirty-nine seconds to purchase two tickets for the premiere show. He noted the exact time so that he could impress Rekha with it.

Kumar looked at the minute hand on his watch. It had been racing along at its usual brisk pace early in the day, but since two o'clock it had started moving slower and slower, as if out of breath on the last lap of a marathon race. Kumar wondered if it would collapse and stop altogether before three — the lunch hour, when he would go and conquer Rekha.

His eyes kept straying to Rekha. He tried to concentrate on his typing, but couldn't.

He paused in the middle of a sentence at "comprises of." He debated whether to drop the of, but decided he had better type it as it was. The last time he had ventured to correct Mr. Mitra's English, he had looked like throwing a dictionary at him.

He switched himself off from his surroundings and typed faster and faster, taking pleasure in doing something he knew he did well. He let his fingers fly, flitting nimbly from key to key, and the typewriter rattled in delight. His fingers danced with mechanical precision as he reeled off letter after letter, revelling in his speed.

He finished the last letter with a flourish, took the sheets off the typewriter and looked at his watch. It was 3.05. He stood up with a start. The chair fell down behind him. He looked at Rekha. She was alone. He must hurry. Any moment now, Smita would join Rekha for lunch as was their practice and the opportunity would be lost.

To be continued



comb and started to comb his hair.

Suddenly, he saw Rekha in the middle of a crowd which the station had just belched out. He quickly put the comb back in his pocket, patted his hair into place and straightened up. The crowd crossed the road in a solid block like a column of soldiers at a Republic Day parade.

"Why not in the office?" Her eyebrows were two neatly typed question marks, he thought.

"Not in the office." He was struggling to stay beside her in the crowd. "Too many people there."

"And here?" She suppressed a smile, then let it show.

"Yes." He looked at the man

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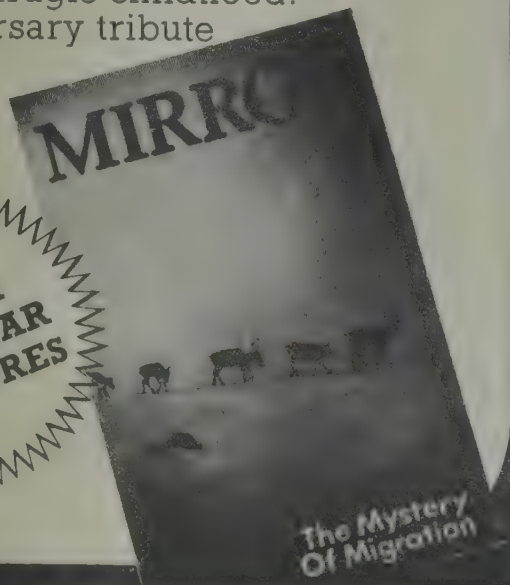
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MAKE YOUR GARDEN GROW

An introduction to the art of kitchen gardening and the pleasures of growing your own vegetables - 5

After the seeds are sown and they have germinated, except for the leafy vegetables, it takes a long time, say 45 to 100 days, to get the fresh, tender vegetables for the kitchen. It is very essential that the plants are well cared for and nourished during this period. If neglected, flowering and the fruiting may be adversely affected, and your enthusiasm too will wither. During this period of growth various operations have to be carried out to provide optimum growth conditions to the plant so that excellent results are attained.

WATERING

An important daily operation is to water the plants. Plants in pots may have to be watered once or twice in a day and once in three to five days if in the ground, according to the nature of the crop and the prevailing weather condition. When the plant experiences water shortage, the leaves become dull and droopy. As soon as it is watered the leaves revive immediately and become normal again. However, if this condition occurs too frequently the plant growth will be affected. Flowers and fruits may drop off leading to poor yield and also poor quality vegetables. For watering the pots or beds a suitable water hose would be convenient and efficient.

Weeds: Unwanted plants which have grown on their own are called weeds and should be removed. Soil and manure used in preparing the plots and the soil mixture in the pots sometimes contain weed seeds. Tiny weed seeds also come from the nearby areas with the wind. Under favourable conditions these seeds also germinate. Generally, the weeds grow faster, using up the soil nutrition and sharing the open air space with the crop plant, and so depriving the plant of soil nutrition and shading it from the sun which weaken or even kill the plant. Hence, it is very essential to remove the weeds at intervals of 15-20 days.

It is done with a khurpee or a weeding hook. The weed has to be removed with its roots. Otherwise it grows again. For removal of weeds, secure the lower stem portion of the weed firmly with your thumb and first two fingers, loosen the soil near

the roots by piercing it with the khurpee diagonally and pull out the weed with its roots. This is done best when the soil is moist. If the soil is dry and hard the weed might break while being pulled out and the root remains in the soil.

Mulching and hoeing are operations that mainly involve turning over 5.7 cms. of the top soil

growth. To maintain the healthy growth of plants nitrogen is added in the form of ammonium sulphate or urea. Apply one teaspoonful of the fertilizer at intervals of 20 to 30 days two to three times during the growth period after the seedling has established, i.e. after 15-20 days. As soon as the plant reaches its full growth and starts flowering

get scorched and the plant may die.

Earthing up: This operation involves loosening of soil around the stem of the plant and heaping the loose soil around the stem. This helps not only in aeration but also gives support to the plant to withstand rain and wind. This operation is a must for vegetables like radish, onion, beet-root, turnip, potato, etc. as it provides loose soil and hence nutrients for the development of the parts, beneath the ground. This operation is done once or twice at an interval of 15-20 days soon after formation of the underground vegetable.

NURTURING THE PLANT

B. M. Desai



with the help of a khurpee. This assures aeration of the soil for better breathing by the roots and also helps preserve soil moisture. This operation is done two to three times during the early stages of growth. This too must be done when the soil is moist (but not too wet). Generally, the ideal time to do mulching in pots is on the second day after watering and in the ground three or four days after irrigation. Hoeing, mulching and weeding operations can be done simultaneously, but care should be taken not to disturb the roots.

Manuring: It is a common practice to put N, P and K during soil preparation as explained earlier. The nutrients in the soil get depleted as the plant grows and this is more so for nitrogen as the plant uses nitrogen in larger quantities for its

and fruiting, stop application of fertilizers. However, for crops like brinjal which is of long duration and continues its growth, a second dose of about 5 to 19 grams of Suphala 15:15:15 per foot may be applied twice at intervals of 2-3 months.

Applying fertilizers is a rather tricky operation. Put only the recommended quantity of fertilizer around the stem of the plant about 5-10 cms. away from it, making a ring round the stem. Stir and mix up the fertilizer with the soil with the help of a khurpee. The plant should be watered immediately so that the fertilizer gets dissolved in water and reaches the roots of the plant. As the fertilizers are concentrated salts, care should be taken not to drop the fertilizer on the stem or on the leaves. Otherwise the tissues will

STAKING OR PONDAL MAKING: PERGOLA

It might be necessary to give support to plants growing tall to protect them from damage by heavy rain and wind. Plants bearing heavy fruits also need to be provided support by putting suitable stakes and tying the branches of the plant to them.

Most of the gourds like karela snake, etc which trail on long vines, need pergolas to trail on so that the branches trail on the pergola and the fruits hang above the ground and do not get soiled or spoiled. However, in the case of heavy gourds as in the case of the bottle gourd, squash, pumpkin, melon, etc. vines are left to trail on the ground.

Spraying and dusting: This is an important operation to control insect pests and diseases of vegetables to which most vegetable crops are susceptible. If this crop protection is neglected, you may end up with insect infested and diseased plants bearing rotten or deformed fruits. Hence, spray or dust your plants with proper insecticides or pesticides, as recommended, at regular intervals. As prevention is more desirable than cure, do not wait for the disease to appear before you spray. Insect and pest control being an important aspect of successful kitchen gardening we will discuss this topic at length in a subsequent chapter.

Terrace Garden Courtesy :
Mr. Kanjibhai Gordhandas
Pix: Sanil

WE'RE GAMING



ABOVE: Sailor suits for all — white shorts teamed with a gingham shirt with a sailor collar and red tie. Wrap a skirt around when you stroll around town; white trousers co-ordinated with a red checked short-sleeved shirt with a wide collar at neck; a short, flared skirt with a halter top looks smart with a roll tie and a wide collar falling over the bare back!

Warm, sun-lit summer is on the way and sportswear is back on the fashion scene, but with a difference. Short shorts have given way to long Bermuda shorts, tracksuits and culottes. These eye-catching sportswear items are now favoured for day long wear too, for they're practical, cool, carefree and comfortable. They're so convenient at the beach and are ideal for sightseeing, tours, picnics, trekking, whatever the young at heart want to do.

Outfits modelled at the Ambiscope Fashion Show organised by Eve's Weekly in association with Shri Ambica Mills.

FOR STYLE!



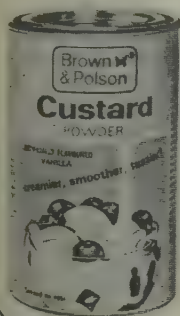
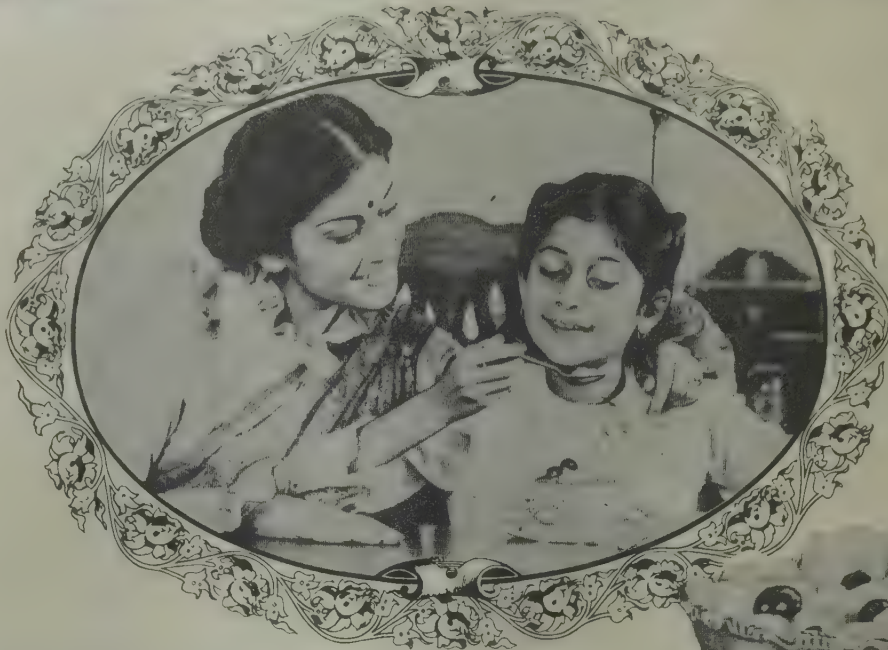
ABOVE : Keeping track in a grey tracksuit, co-ordinated with a long-sleeved printed shirt underneath; white outfits look crisp and smart perked-up with red and black sleeves, and side strips on the shorts. Goes well with canvas shoes in a similar colour combination; jeans are ideal for relaxing in when you're not at play. Team with a checked shirt and shoes to match.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshal

Classic shorts and culottes with upturned cuffs, bias trimmings and pleats made of cotton fabric in stripes, plain and printed. Shorts teamed with a casual T-shirt made of cotton jersey, and canvas tennis shoes to match!

Brown & Polson Custard

You loved its delicious taste as a child



Thick, rich, creamy custard, flowing with goodness.
So delicious, so nourishing. That's why mothers who care
use only Brown & Polson.

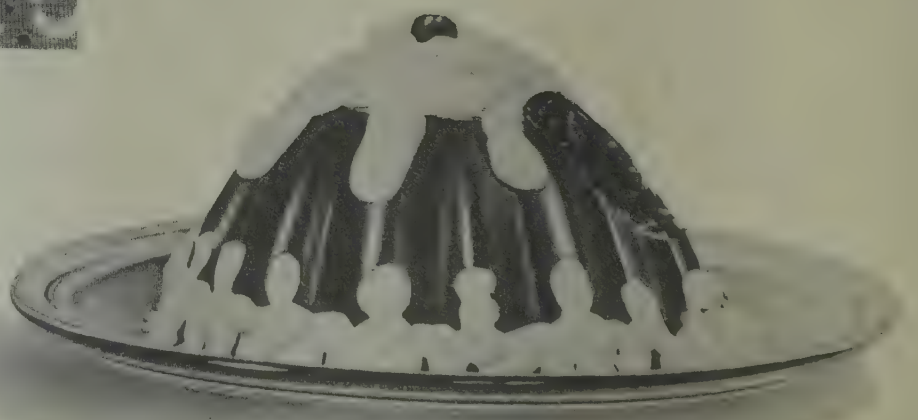
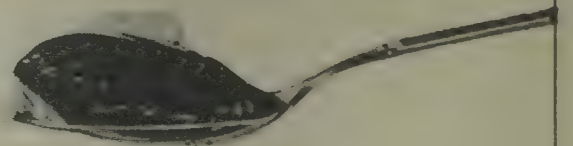
Brown & Polson Custard Powder*...
trusted by mothers for over 30 years.

*Contains no eggs



You trust its wholesome goodness as a mother

Yummy Rex Jelly...
watch it disappear
right before your eyes!



Everybody's all-time favourite...

Rex Jelly
In 6 delightful flavours

Nestling in the foothills of the Sahyadris is Ganapatipule, a sleepy little village about 380 km south of Bombay in the Ratnagiri district of Maharashtra, which wears a festive look on the eve of the annual festival of Ganesh Chaturthi held here with great éclat. With extensive palm-fringed beaches, a salubrious climate, pleasant bathing spots and lush green hills in the background, Ganapatipule is tailored for tourists. The sacred shrine of Swayambhu (self-born) Ganesh — a naturally formed idol of the elephant-headed deity — is a star attraction and is visited by thousands of devotees on auspicious days, specially Maghi Chaturthi (Jan-Feb.) and Angaraki Chaturthi, the fourth day of the dark fortnight.

Maharashtra has eight other Swayambhu Ganapatis, but Ganapatipule (Ganapati of the sands) is a village deity, homely and accessible and prime remover of obstacles by his benign presence. In fact, the entire hill is regarded as a manifestation of Ganesh, the beloved elder son of Lord Shiva and Parvati. Devotees walk round the hill completing the ritual circumambulation (pradakshina), praying and propitiating the great god Vinayaka. One of the lesser known pilgrim centres of the State, it is being developed as a tourist sea-resort. A holiday camp is coming up atop the hill in the vicinity of the shrine. The ambitious scheme chalked out by the Maharashtra Directorate of Tourism is estimated to cost about Rs. 40 lakhs.

India has a long and fabled tradition of iconography. The meticulous making and the imposing installation of an idol is as highly skilled and sophisticated a job as the commissioning of a complex computer centre. A rich variety of images of Ganesh is produced en masse with exquisite workmanship at the time of community celebrations of Ganesh Chaturthi, made phenomenally popular by Lokmanya Tilak in Maharashtra. But there has also been a parallel tradition of the worship of Swayambhu moortis, "self-created" forms thrown up by nature. These rough-hewn, weather-beaten "self-born" idols epitomize a deep-seated desire of man to worship something not shaped by human hands.

The idyllic beach of soft white sand with stupendous waves striking with an exploding thunder in a fury of foam, swaying coconut palms and the high, brown rocks dotting the Konkan coastline washed by the Arabian Sea provide an ideal



GANAPATIPULE: the abode of Ganesh

Dhirendra Kumar Dixit

setting for the hillside village temple of Ganapatipule, 30 km from the mango town of Ratnagiri. The garbha-griha, about 3 m by 3 m was built by a minister of Chhatrapati Shivaji.

Legend has it that over 300 years ago, the temple site was accidentally discovered by a Brahmin belonging to the Bhide family who came to live in the village near Ganapatipule. In those turbulent days of Maratha upheaval against the Moghul administration, the Brahmin sought to counter the Muslim onslaught by meditation and worship of Lord Ganesha. The Lord appeared one night in a dream and directed him to find

his divine manifestation on the sea-coast nearby. In vain did he look for a stony image resembling the deity in the wooded hill till a local cowherd narrated to him a peculiar incident. A cow from a large herd used to stop at a specific spot regularly and bathe it with its milk. Bhide thought that this must be hallowed ground and clearing the undergrowth he found a rock formation, half sunk, shaped in the form of Lord Ganesha. And Swayambhu moorti became the presiding deity of the village. It later became a prosperous and prominent shrine thanks to the patronage extended by Shivaji.

A small tiled temple (9m by 15m in size) has been built around the image which is covered with vermilion paste. The temple priests mark out the trunk curled gracefully over the pot belly, the eyes and other tell-tale marks of the Lord in traditional fashion by applying sandalpaste and covering the deity with a particular pattern of petals and flowers.

The rustic shrine came into limelight during the halcyon days of the Peshwas. If legend is to be believed, Harbhat Patwardhan, ancestor of the chiefs of Miraj, Sangli and Jamkhandi, had to fast once because of extreme poverty. The fast lasted 21 days at the end of which Ganesh appeared in a vision and bade him to go towards Kolhapur and become the priest of the first person he would meet. He met an old Brahmin widow and a child on the way and become their priest promising them better days ahead. The three reached Ichalkaranji jagir where the Maratha Chief Ghorpade, being childless, was to adopt an heir from among the spectators. The elephant who was to make the selection garlanded the widow's child. The Chief adopted the Brahmin child who became the new jagirdar. His daughter was given to the Peshwa family.

Patwardhan's son earned renown as a warrior in the Peshwa's armed forces and later became a ruling prince. The ruling Patwardhan clan attributed this fame and fortune to the family deity of Ganapatipule and generously donated ornaments and gold and silver. The meteoric rise of the Patwardhan family brought into sharp focus the efficacy of prayer to Ganesh of Ganapatipule, who came to be widely regarded as endowed with miraculous powers to bless the childless with progeny, to reform evil-doers, to cure chronic diseases and to reward his devotees with money, power and possessions. And the legend lingers still.

But the development of Ganapatipule to bring it on India's tourist map is not an unmixed blessing. The serene, silent, scenic site is in deep danger of losing its quiet charm and solemn antiquity beyond redemption. But then these are the penalties of modern civilization with which we have to learn to live.

Above: Swayambhu or self-born Ganesh — the naturally formed idol at Ganapatipule temple.

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Pears Complexion Cream
keeps your complexion
young and innocent.

The soft, creamy touch of Pears complexion-care cream pampers your skin... gives your complexion the supple beauty of youth that people notice, admire.

*Available
in Bombay,
Poona &
Goa only*



A FAMILY FEAST

Premila Lal

Easter, the Christian festival, following as it does the austere period of Lent, is a time when food has a special savour. Here are recipes for the more popular items of Easter eating. Young spring lamb, hot cross buns and wheat cakes are traditional. Fish dishes are served on Good Friday and the most popular theme, especially for children, are the eggs — hardboiled, dyed and decorated — and chocolate bunnies and chicks used as both table and food decorations.

FLOATING MEAT BALLS

- 750 grams minced meat
- 125 grams milk
- 4 cups stock
- 2 eggs
- 1 green chilli, finely chopped
- 1 bunch spring onions
- 1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped

Salt to taste

- 1 cup tomato sauce

Slice the onions finely, mix with the meat together with the eggs, green chilli and coriander. Season with salt and pepper. Heat some ghee, shape the meat into small balls and fry till a golden brown. Heat the stock together with tomato sauce and milk. Add the meat balls

and cook for about twenty minutes. Serve garnished with coriander. Serve hot with yellow rice.

SHOULDER OF LAMB

- 1 lamb shoulder, boned and rolled
- 2 tbsps. lard or ghee
- ½ tsp. salt or to taste

- 8 medium sized potatoes, peeled and sliced
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 medium sized onion, thinly sliced
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 1 tbsp. parsley or coriander leaves, chopped

Grease a large baking dish with a tablespoon of lard. In a



large, heavy bottomed saucepan, heat the remaining lard, add meat and cook for ten minutes or until the meat is brown on all sides. Season with salt and pepper. Transfer meat to the baking dish. Add water one cupful to pan and bring to boil.

Meanwhile, arrange the sliced potatoes and onions around meat. Pour liquid from pan over the potatoes and onions and dot with butter. Bake at 400°F for one hour, basting occasionally.

Cut meat into thin slices, arrange them in centre of baking dish and sprinkle with parsley or coriander. Serve hot.

MERINGUE BUNNIES

- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. icing sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla essence
- 1 tbsp. custard powder
- 2 cups milk
- 4 tbsps. sugar
- Cherries and angelica for decoration

Whisk the egg whites with icing sugar and half teaspoon vanilla essence, till stiff. Grease an oven proof tray, and drop tablespoonful of the meringue mixture. Smooth the top with the back of a wooden spoon to resemble small bunnies. Bake lightly in a preheated oven for ten minutes. Remove and cool. In the meantime, blend the custard powder with milk. Beat in the egg yolks and sugar. Cook on low heat till the custard is smooth and thick. Cool and add the vanilla essence. Now place the meringue bunnies on a serving platter. Fix the ears and eyes from the green angelica and red mouth from cherries. Pour the cool custard around the bunnies and decorate with leftover angelica and cherries.

EASTER BISCUITS

- 120 grams margarine
- 90 grams sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 250 grams flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- A little milk
- 60 grams currants
- 10 grams mixed spice

Cream the margarine and sugar till creamy. Beat in the egg yolk. Sieve the flour with baking powder and spice. Add to the creamy mixture along with currants. Add milk to form into a firm dough. Roll out evenly and cut into desired shapes with biscuit cutter. Place them on a greased tray and bake in a moderate hot oven for twenty minutes till evenly browned.

HOT CROSS BUNS

- ½ kg flour
- 30 grams fresh yeast
- A pinch of salt
- Cardamom and nutmeg to taste
- 60 grams castor sugar
- ¼ pint warm water
- 60 grams butter
- 1 egg, beaten
- 30 grams currants
- 60 grams mixed peels, chopped

Crumble the yeast in half the quantity of flour with little sugar. Stir in the milk and little water. Leave the mixture in a warm place for fifteen minutes until frothy. Sift the remaining flour with salt and spices. Add the sugar. Melt the butter. Stir in the yeast mixture with the beaten egg. Gradually fold in the flour, currants, and peels. Knead the dough until smooth. Divide into twelve equal portions. Shape into buns. Place the buns on a floured baking tray well apart. Leave aside to rise until double in size. Make slashes on top to form a cross. Bake in a pre-heated hot oven for fifteen to twenty minutes.

CHOCOLATE CREAM DELIGHT

- ½ pint milk
- 2 eggs, separated
- 120 grams chocolate (plain)
- 30 grams castor sugar
- 1 packet orange jelly
- 50 grams cream, whipped
- Cherries for decoration

Blend half of the milk with chocolate and cook over gentle heat until well dissolved. Add the remaining milk. Cream the

yolks with sugar. Add the chocolate milk mixture to the yolks and whisk well. Once again stir over gentle heat until the mixture thickens. Dissolve the jelly in very little water. Add to the cooked custard. Leave to set in the refrigerator. When the mixture almost reaches the setting point, stir in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into the prepared wet moulds. Leave to set in the refrigerator once again. Unmould and serve decorated with whipped cream and glace cherries.

EASTER LEMON CAKE

- 4 eggs, separated
- 180 grams castor sugar
- 120 grams butter or margarine
- Lemon rind, grated
- Juice of 1 lime
- 12 sponge fingers or as required
- 100 grams fresh cream
- Cashewnuts for decoration

Cream the butter and sugar till soft. Beat in the eggs gradually. Add lemon juice and rind. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Blend well. Line a round greased cake tin with sponge fingers, cut lengthwise. Fill the cake tin with the above creamed mixture, alternating the layers with leftover sponge fingers. Press down gently. Freeze till well set. Before serving unmould and decorate with whipped cream, and cashewnuts. Top with chocolate bunnies or chicks as desired.

FILLETS WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

- 8 fish fillets
- A dot of butter

- Salt and pepper to taste
- Coriander leaves, chopped
- Green chillis, chopped
- 2 onions, sliced in rings
- 120 grams mushrooms, sliced
- 1 egg yolk
- A prepared puff pastry dough

Grease a shallow pie dish and spread a layer of onion rings. Cover with sliced mushrooms and coriander leaves. Clean and wash the fillets. Arrange the fillets over the mushrooms. Season to taste. Dot with butter. Cover and bake in a preheated hot oven for ten to fifteen minutes. Remove and cool. Roll the pastry into a large square. Divide equally into three inch squares. Put a spoonful of the above mushroom mixture in the centre of each square, top with a piece of fillet and cover with another piece of pastry. Seal the open edges. Similarly repeat with the other square pieces. Once again place the parcels in a greased oven proof dish and bake for fifteen to twenty minutes.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

- 4 tbsps. fish or meat stock
- 1 dtsp. vinegar
- 2 egg yolks
- 60 grams butter
- Salt and red pepper to taste
- 1 dtsp. lemon juice

Combine stock, vinegar and yolks and stand the basin in a saucepan of hot water. Whisk over gentle heat until the sauce thickens. Add butter gradually. Keep stirring. Season to taste and add lemon juice. Serve with fish fillets.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive, from January 1980, in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

- 1) A 9-cup Storefresh container from TRU PTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine and, 3) A compact gift packet containing all the Spices and Spice powders from P. MITTULAU LALAH & SONS, Madras.



So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon, to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. Shashi Gulati, Bombay.

SYRUPY MAVA ROLLS

16 bread slices
Oil for frying

FOR THE FILLING:

1 litre milk
1 coconut, grated
200 grams sugar
25 grams raisins
25 grams cashewnuts, chopped
25 grams almonds, blanched
25 grams chironji
4 to 5 cardamoms (green)
Few drops almond essence

FOR THE SYRUP:

200 grams sugar
1 cup water
2 cardamoms (green)

Dissolve sugar in water. Boil for a few minutes. Add two whole green cardamoms to the syrup.

FOR THE FILLING:

Put the milk to boil. Add the coconut. Keep stirring till the milk evaporates and turns into khoya. Add the sugar and cook for a few more minutes till the sugar dissolves. Add the chopped nuts, chironji, cardamom seeds and the almond essence. Put aside.

FOR THE ROLLS:

Remove the hard crust from the bread slices. Dip each slice in a little water. Squeeze the water completely. On each slice place two heaped teaspoons of the mava-coconut filling. Fold over pressing from all three sides. Close the opening. Shape the rolls like the letter 'D' with the corners slightly pointed. Make all the rolls in the similar manner. Put aside for an hour to dry.

Deep fry the rolls in hot oil till light brown. Soak them in the hot sugar syrup.

Turn these onto a serving dish and decorate with silver varak, chopped almonds and a few rose petals.



Mrs. Suman Vig, Agra.

SHAHI DAL

1 cup black gram dal

½ cup rajma
½ cup Bengal gram dal
2 onions, chopped
2" piece ginger, finely chopped
20 cloves garlic
4 few green chillis
4 red tomatoes, peeled
1½ tsp. red chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
A pinch asafoetida
2 tsps. roasted and ground cummin seeds

Salt to taste

Coriander leaves, finely chopped

1 cup curd
2 tbsps. cream
2 tbsps. butter
3 tbsps. pure ghee

Wash and soak the dals separately. Cook rajma with salt. When cooked, add black gram dal, Bengal gram dal, chopped onions, garlic and ginger, half teaspoon turmeric powder and salt. Add green chillis. Cook in the

pressure cooker for about forty minutes or till tender. Add curds, cream and butter and cook without pressure for about ten minutes. Heat three tablespoons of pure ghee and fry the asafoetida, and powder. Fry for a minute. Add finely chopped tomatoes, red chilli powder and green coriander to the masala. Fry for five minutes. Add this to the dal. Serve hot.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Monthly Cookery Queen Contests.

All cookery contestants for the monthly cookery queen contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subject specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

June, 1980

RAINY DAY SNACKS

July, 1980

SNACKS FOR ELEVENSES

August, 1980

PASTA PREPARATIONS

All entries for June should reach us latest by May 5, July entries by June 5, and August entries by July 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

WEEKLY WINNER



Mrs. Suryanarayana wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulal Lah and Sons, Madras.

GROUNDNUT OBBATU

1 cup groundnuts, roasted
1 cup jaggery
1 tbsp. rice flour
¾ cup fine semolina
2 tbsps. flour
3-4 tbsps. oil
Banana leaf 9" x 9"

Clean and soak the groundnuts for about two hours. Drain and grind to a smooth paste. Mix jaggery to the ground paste.

JAYA SURYANARAYANA, Nagpur.

Cook stirring on low fire until smooth. Add rice flour and mix well. Keep aside to cool. Mix semolina, flour and one tablespoon oil with sufficient water to form a smooth dough. Pound for two minutes. Add the remaining oil and keep aside for one to two hours. Make small size balls from the groundnut mixture. Make the semolina balls, little smaller than the groundnut balls. Flatten the semolina ball lightly and place a groundnut ball in the centre. Pinch edges together to form a ball. Enclose securely. Grease the wrong side of the banana leaf. Keep the filled ball on the leaf and spread as thin as possible. Heat a lightly greased tava. Place the obbatu side of leaf on the tava and carefully remove the banana leaf. When done, turn over and brown lightly. Remove and fold into half. Similarly make other obbatu.



Drink a bit of
sunshine.

Oranges and lemons...
and ripe mangoes too,
for those thirsty...
thirsty months. Care to
sip a few? Ask for them
by name.

Sun-Sip Squashes.

New
Sun-Sip
SQUASHES
JAMS & KETCHUP



PART THREE

Of all people, it was Carlo's wife who at last found a solution for our troubles over the Mexican divorce and marriage. The bigamy prosecution was still active, but nevertheless, Carlo and I had risked a resumption of living together in Rome; there was no hope, however, that in the face of the Vatican's condemnation we could ever find a solution in Italy. For eight years we had been bigamist and concubine, and it looked as if we were going to be eternally condemned to that fate.

Carlo's wife, Giuliana, proved to be a better lawyer than all of Carlo's high-powered attorneys. Her solution was simple: move to France and apply for French citizenship. Once that was achieved, then as French citizens she and Carlo could be divorced, thereby enabling Carlo to marry me (a Frenchwoman) without fear of political or religious persecution.

We did just that. And with a flourish. By government decree, Carlo and I were invested with French citizenship as a way to honour us for our contributions to the cinema art of France. Giuliana Fiastri, who had automatically become a French citizen by virtue of her marriage to Carlo, was granted a divorce on the grounds of adultery, and Carlo and I set our wedding day in April, 1966. We were determined to make the wedding ceremony as private as possible. Despite the fact that we had an apartment on the Avenue George V, Carlo engaged a large suite in the Lancaster Hotel and stayed there by himself on the night before the wedding. He had arranged for the ceremony to be performed by the mayor of Sevres, a Paris suburb. The mayor had been sworn to secrecy. We phoned my sister in Rome, and Basilio in Cannes, and told them to come to Paris as secretly as they could.

I was in London doing "A Countess from Hong Kong" at the time; Oona was the only person I told about going to Paris to get married. I trusted her completely and I wanted to share my happiness with her. I spent the eve of my wedding at a friend's house in Paris. We were confident that our subterfuge was succeeding but the next morning, when it was time to leave for the wedding, I looked out the window and saw a photographer outside the front entrance. I knew we had to act



AFTER EIGHT LONG YEARS SOPHIA AND CARLO ARE LEGALLY MARRIED, BUT FOR SOPHIA ANOTHER WEARY STRUGGLE BEGINS WHEN THE MOTHERHOOD SHE LONGS FOR, PROVES SO DEPRESSINGLY ELUSIVE

fast if we were going to preserve our privacy. My friend was as tall as I so I suggested that she put on my coat, scarf, and dark glasses, and rush out to the chauffeured car that was waiting. I would leave five minutes later with my friend's husband, who would drive me to Sevres in his car.

The ruse worked. The photographer dashed after my friend, and the only outsider present at our wedding was a photographer friend whom I had invited to take pictures for our family album. It was not the wedding

of my dreams, with a white gown of old lace and a long train like the one Edith Head had designed for "Houseboat," but I felt quite all right in the yellow dress and coat I wore, set off by a small bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The ceremony was simple and brief. Strangely, it was both meaningful and meaningless. To be finally married after eight years of struggle and abuse, certainly had importance, but standing there, as the bride, I couldn't help but feel that Carlo and I had been married a long time.

Our marriage was like reading a newspaper account of an event that had occurred in the distant past.

I phoned my mother in Rome to tell her the good news (she wasn't at the wedding because she refuses to go up in an airplane). "Well, Mammina, you were always pessimistic but it's happened. We are Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Ponti."

"Ah, yes," she replied, "but not in white, and not in the church."

My mother only sees the dark side of the moon...

ELUSIVE MOTHERHOOD

For the comedy "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," de Sica wanted me to do a striptease, so sexy, so arousing, so provocative, it would make a man howl.

"But, Vittorio, I've never even seen a striptease."

"Don't worry. You will do a striptease that will put all other stripteases to shame. First, I will get you a professor of striptease, then, between us, we will create a routine that will melt Mastroianni into a puddle of hot flesh."

De Sica's professor turned out to be the man who staged the numbers for the exotic ladies of the Crazy Horse Saloon. I had three or four sessions with him to learn the basic moves, struts, and teases. But then, using these routines, I had to mould them, with de Sica's help into a striptease dance that was my own personal interpretation of how to excite my male audience of one.

On the day of the take, I was extremely nervous. In fact, I had been nervous for a week just contemplating this moment. The scene was my bedroom. My audience was a fully clothed Mastroianni stretched out on the bed. I asked de Sica to clear the set (a rare request on my part) except for the cameramen behind the two cameras which were recording the scene. Rhythmic music flooded the set from a record player, I smiled at Mastroianni. He smiled at me. And then I let him have it. Slowly, sensuously, tantalizingly, I removed my clothes, letting each article dangle provocatively in front of his eyes while my body undulated to the throbbing music. When I got down to my

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SOPHIA

silk stockings, which I peeled off my legs in a graceful, languid manner, Marcello began to howl, braying at the ceiling like a lovesick coyote.

De Sica caught it all — the interplay, the timing, the sexiness, the carnal thunder my tease set off in Marcello. No scene ever gave me more pleasure. Marcello and I had finally found a script that let us open up, with insouciant, Neapolitan give-and-take. And Carlo had another script lined up for us that would give us even more opportunity to strut our stuff — "Marriage, Italian Style" — but abruptly, inexplicably, the euphoria of the film was snatched

said — and if the injection didn't faze the frog, then I was not.

After a little while, the frog began to act a bit strange. He listed to one side, and then to the other, and he appeared to be in a state of dizziness. When he jumped, he lost his equilibrium. But he did not die. After a few hours of frog observation, with the frog getting no nearer to the grave, the doctor solemnly announced that I might be pregnant — and then again I might not.

I thanked him and bade him goodbye. Afterwards I took a walk and released the poor frog into a little pond.

That night I prayed that I was pregnant. Oh, God, please let me be pregnant. Please, God, I really want a baby. I am twenty-nine and it is high time for me to be pregnant.

it took Carlo's forceful advice to impress upon me the realities of raising a child. It certainly would have been wrong for us to have a child early in our relationship.

But by the time we went to Hollywood, our relation was better defined, so I was no longer careful about becoming pregnant. But I was making four pictures a year, working hard, so I had little time to brood about the fact that I had not become pregnant.

When we returned to Italy, my urge to be pregnant intensified. The actress part of me was happy and fulfilled, but the other half of me, the Neapolitan, childbearing, Mother Earth half of me, was fiercely unsatisfied. At twenty-nine, I had become obsessive about turning thirty without having produced a child. I think thirty is the big turning point in a woman's life, not forty, as many people think, because by the time a woman is forty she has formulated, more or less, her life plan. But at thirty, you feel suddenly old, although you are not old, and there is upon you a chilling realization that you must then and there begin to fulfil your dreams or else they are likely to remain just that — dreams. Every woman I've known has experienced a certain fear at turning thirty. If she is not married, then on her birthday she is a self-ordained spinster. If she is childless, she fears that she will be forever barren. I had never known a woman who happily greeted her thirtieth year, but it looked as if I was going to be the exception.

But, curiously, even when I was reveling in my pregnancy, I felt something was not quite right. Something about how I felt, a few little physical reactions, worried me. I didn't mention anything to Carlo, who shared my happiness over my pregnancy, but by the time we were finished with the Naples segment, I was deeply concerned over my condition. I knew that it was not normal for a pregnant woman to have the symptoms I was experiencing. So I went to Rome by car and saw my gynaecologist. After examining me, he said I should spend two or three days in bed, after which I would be all right and could go to Milan to film the third and last segment of the film. But he cautioned me to be careful, to go to Milan by train so as to avoid the bumpiness of an automobile ride. I did go by train, but the trouble with his advice was that most of the Milan segment was to be shot

with Marcello and me inside an automobile that would be mounted on a mechanically powered cradle, which bumps around much more than an automobile on a highway.

But my pregnancy never even got that far: it didn't even survive the start of the filming. The first night in Milan, I experienced great pain. Carlo wanted to keep my pregnancy a secret, because the press would have made so much out of it, so he called a local doctor to our hotel. The doctor gave me an injection, said that everything was going to be all right but that I must stay in bed and not work for the time being. De Sica, who was directing the film, came to see me; we were much too close for me not to tell him the truth. He knew how much I yearned for a baby; my anxiety over the possible loss of my baby upset him very much and brought tears to his eyes.

That night the pain suddenly intensified and I told the nurse, whom Carlo had hired to stay with me, that I had to go to the hospital immediately. She started to call an ambulance; although I could barely stand up I insisted that we go by car so as not to attract attention. I just barely managed going down in the elevator and I almost passed out getting into the automobile. At the hospital I was rushed to an emergency room, but I knew that my situation was hopeless, that the baby was gone and there was nothing anyone could do.

The doctor came the following day and performed a curettage, and the day after that I went back to work. Carlo, as shaken and depressed as I was, asked me to keep the whole thing a secret. I felt as if I had been physically beaten. As soon as I came on the set, Mastroianni came up to me and said, "What's with you? You look very strange." I tried to smile, and I gave him a little Neapolitan shrug.

"Now, don't fool around," he said. "Tell me what happened."

There was no way to pretend anything with Marcello. We knew each other much too well for that. So I said, "Well, I had a baby, and I lost it." I felt relieved to be able to tell someone. Marcello didn't say a word. He looked at me and then he turned and walked away. He never again mentioned it.

I worked every day, full days, and we finished the film on schedule. I had constant pain, but my physical pain was no-



Sophia and Carlo are finally legally married in Paris.

away from me. God knows I wasn't prepared for it.

"Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" was composed of three segments, the first of which we shot in Rome, the second in Naples, the third in Milan. While I was doing the Naples section, I began to feel strange, not at all like myself. After several days of mounting concern, it finally occurred to me that I might be pregnant. I consulted a local doctor, who took tests which he said were negative. But my feeling persisted, so I asked a physician to come down from Rome. He came to my apartment in Naples bearing a frog he had brought with him from Rome. He injected my urine into the frog and we both watched anxiously for the result. If the frog dropped dead, I was pregnant — at least that's what the doctor

My prayers were answered. Shortly before our shooting schedule ended in Naples, it was officially confirmed that I was indeed pregnant. It was a moment of great joy for me. All that mattered to me was that I had Carlo's child in my belly. For years I had felt a strong, insistent desire within me to have children. When Carlo and I first started our relationship, I would talk to him about having children. I was just starting my career then and he was married, but that made no difference to me. I would have raised a child by myself. Of course when a woman is sixteen or even nineteen, she has no understanding of what it means to have a child, no understanding of the responsibility a child brings. When you are young it is easy to conceive a child and give birth to it, but

thing compared to the pain in my heart. In all my years, I had never doubted myself. I had faced discouraging obstacles but always with a certain will, a confidence that I could overcome them. But now, facing the fact that for no apparent reason I had lost a baby that was three and a half months old, I felt a twinge of doubt about myself. What if I could not bear a child? What then?

While making a fairy tale called "Happily Ever After," a title which should have augured well for me, I discovered I was pregnant for the second time. I had been feeling rather strange for several weeks, but only toward the end of the filming did I have pregnancy tests made. I



In "Marriage, Italian Style", Sophia and Marcello Mastroianni establish a screen partnership as famous as the Gable-Lombard or Tracy-Hepburn one.

had been away from Carlo on location for a long time and since I did not get pregnant easily, I regarded it as rather miraculous that I had become pregnant again.

After my first miscarriage, my doctor had said that my trouble was that I had been working too hard, that I was fatigued and filled with the anxieties that filming generates, and that was what had caused me to abort. "Some women can go on working after pregnancy," the doctor had said, "But you are not one of them. You lost the baby because you were so active."

I went to another doctor, my sister's gynaecologist. Then pregnant with her second child, she swore by him.

He looked at the test results and said, "I want you to go right home, get into bed, and stay there."

"I haven't finished the picture I'm making."

"Do you want this baby? Then do as I say. You are not to get out of bed. I don't want you to move at all. The more quiet you are, the better your chances."

I went straight home and got into bed. I was not going to make the same mistake I had made with my first pregnancy. I phoned Carlo, who was producing the film.

"Carlo, guess what. I'm pregnant."

"Oh, my God, no!"

"I feel rather strange, sort of the way I did the first time, but the doctor says I have a good chance if I stay in bed. So even though I have only three

days left to complete the film, I can't finish it. Get a stand-in and do long shots that I'll dub in later — or whatever else, but there's no way that I'm going to move from this bed. I am going to have this baby"...

I stayed in that bed for three months, absolutely immobile. I didn't even risk sitting up to eat my meals, and taught myself a technique for eating flat on my back. I focused my mind on one thing and one thing alone: having this child. I didn't read, I didn't look at television or listen to the radio, I tried to talk as little as possible, I kept plugs in my ears to shut out any noise that might disturb me, I didn't take phone calls or read my mail. My mind was free of everything except this baby. I thought about my insides constantly, about what was happening to me. I didn't even dare touch my stomach

for fear I would disturb something. I have never been in prison but surely no prison confinement could have been worse than those months in bed. I felt a constant uneasiness, an anxiety about my condition, despite my efforts to be tranquil. The doctor was giving me hormonal injections and telling me that everything was going along fine, but that inner voice of mine kept saying, "No, Sophia, it isn't. Look out."

Charlie Chaplin phoned and beseeched me to go to London for the gala premiere of "A Countess from Hong Kong," but I begged off. Early in the morning, after the premiere, Brando called to say that I had been right not to have gone. "The critics," he said, "just destroyed all of us." He wished me well with my baby, told me not to worry and to take care of myself.

The night it happened, Carlo was in London. I was at our place outside Rome. It was snowing. Basilio was keeping me company. We were talking when abrupt, stabbing pains assailed my stomach. Basilio immediately called the doctor, and urged him to hurry out to see me. The doctor said not to worry, a visit wasn't necessary, nothing unusual was happening, but I knew better. In my condition I was not going to stay at our rather remote villa. Basilio wanted to call an ambulance but I didn't want to attract attention. A makeshift bed was arranged for me in the back of our car and somehow I managed to get down the stairs and to the hospital. I was having contractions every ten minutes, as if I were in labour. The pain was intense. Ines, my faithful Ines, was at my side. She is my secretary, but she is my sister, too.

When I arrived at the hospital I was rushed into the emergency room. My face had drained to a yellow colour. My mother and the doctor were already there and Carlo was on his way. The doctor examined me and said, "It's just a little crisis, it will pass, you have nothing to worry about."

My mother was furious. "Don't say she has nothing to worry about because I know she is in trouble and you must do something!"

The doctor tried to calm my mother down but when she has worked up a full head of fury she is not easily managed. "Do you want her to die? Look at the way she suffers! Look at the colour of her face! Her blood is draining out of her and you say

not to worry! You must do something — you must!"

"Now, now, my good woman, calm down," the doctor said. "I have given her something for the pain and something strong to sleep and we will see what is going to happen. I am going to a dinner party now, and I will leave my number with the nurse and in any event I will come back and see her when I leave the party."

"But she is having contractions. She is in false labour. She is having a miscarriage. Can't you give her something so she has it over with and the pain goes away?"

The doctor stiffened. "That is out of the question. It is against the law for us to interfere in any way. If she is going to miscarry, then she must do it naturally, no matter how long it takes or how painful it is. I shall return later."

And that was that. As the night wore on, the pains became unbearable, but suddenly around 4 a.m., they ceased, and I could feel the life drain out of me. Ines called the doctor. She told him to come right away and not to say everything was all right because I had already had a miscarriage and I was haemorrhaging. The doctor eventually arrived and around six in the morning I was taken to the operating room and a curettage was performed on me for the second time.

Carlo had returned and was with me. My three and a half months of inactivity had left my legs so thin and weak I could barely stand. This was surely the lowest point of my life. And to make matters worse, while I was still on the operating table, a Rome newspaper already had a detailed account on their front page of how I lost my baby. This terrible moment of private grief, spread luridly before the eyes of the world.

"Well," I said to Carlo, trying to sound bright, "now I can finish those three scenes for 'Happily Ever After.'" Then I broke down and wept as despairingly as I had ever in my life wept before, and Carlo wept with me. We had lost something precious, a fatal irreplaceable loss, and we felt diminished by it...

I threw myself back into work, trying to keep my mind off what had happened. Up to that point in my life, despite formidable obstacles, indomitable will and self-belief had never failed me. Now I grew more and more obsessive over the fact that apparently I could not carry a child for more than three months.

SOPHIA

"Sophia, you must not care so much about having this baby," Carlo said. "What does it matter? If it comes, fine, if it doesn't, it doesn't. We can always adopt a child if you want one that much. But to eat yourself up over this —"

"How can you talk that way?" I got really wild. "You don't care because you've had two children with another woman. But I don't have any. No, I don't want to adopt, I want a baby out of my own belly. I have not given up. Not yet. And I don't want you to give up for me."

It took a good five or six months for the pain and defeat of the miscarriage to fade far enough away to allow my strong natural feelings to return. A friend of mine, who had had a great deal of trouble getting pregnant, had been telling me about a wonder doctor in Switzerland who had solved all her problems. He was professor Hubert de Watteville. He told me to come to Geneva for a thorough examination, bringing all my medical records with me.

Dr. de Watteville was a very thin, tall man in his early sixties, face like an aristocratic bird, pronounced nose, on first meeting rather distant, and I felt disappointed that I wouldn't be able to talk to him easily, as a friend. But later, when we got to know each other, he emerged as one of the most understanding, generous, caring people I have ever known.

Dr. de Watteville injected me with Pentothal, which put me out, and thoroughly examined me, testing my tubes to make sure they were open, giving me another D and C to be sure I was perfectly clean, testing my uterus, but finding nothing that could account for the fact that I lost my babies around the third month. He said there were several factors to consider that might have caused the miscarriages. But under the circumstances, he could do nothing until and if I got pregnant again. I was by then thirty-two years old, and after two miscarriages pregnancy might be difficult. I found Dr. de Watteville's prescription for my getting pregnant rather peculiar, to say the least. He gave me a four-month supply of birth-control pills. "When they are used up," he said, "we will see what happens."

What happened was that when

I started to take the pill, which I had never taken before, my entire body seemed to go into hibernation. I had never felt less capable of having a baby.

I could not lift myself from the valley of my depression. Certainly not by my own bootstraps. I was in a desperate situation, my whole sense of being threatened, and there was nothing around me that offered even a thread of hope or uplift — except my strong belief in God. My alienation from the Catholic Church did not at all affect my allegiance to the Almighty. I have never expected

rote out of a prayer book, or spoken aloud and addressed to the heavens. My prayers are inward, silent, directed to God, who dwells within me, I do not ask for miracles or even overt assistance. What I seek is the strength of believing in myself and the people around me. I firmly believe we can make our own miracles if we believe strongly enough in ourselves and our mission on earth. So I spoke fervently to the God within me, the God who is within all of us, and my spirits rose.

I also spoke to my grandmother. When she died, I am con-

by its spiritual silence. But I don't get on my knees and pray. I don't cross myself or anoint myself with holy water. I have found my own religion and I relate to God directly instead of through the intermediaries of church and priests. I suppose this makes me a failed Catholic, but I feel I am a religious person, and for me that is all that counts.

At no time did I lose faith in de Watteville, but my desperation prodded me to get additional advice. I heard about a New York specialist whom I engaged to fly to Rome, but after examining me he seemed more interested in locating the best restaurants in Rome than in discussing my condition and what to do about it. So I gave him a list of my favourite places and never saw him again.

When my four-month supply of pills ran out, I went to Geneva to see de Watteville and spent several days undergoing tests and getting hormonal injections to induce ovulation. I worried constantly. Obsessively. Finally, Dr. de Watteville said, "Now, listen, this is not the way to have a child. I want you to go back to Rome and get your mind off your problems. We've done all we can to prepare you, now nature must take its course. But nature will better take its course if you put yourself at ease."

My sister said the same thing. She suggested that the two of us spend a couple of weeks at a spa in the north of Italy, which featured hot sulphur springs and mud baths. It turned out to be a rather depressing place, for most of the people there were suffering from rheumatism, arthritis, bursitis, and the like, but I stuck it out for thirteen days, immersing myself in the spa's spartan rituals. My body relaxed and I felt relieved of much of my physical tension.

Exactly one month after I returned to Rome, I got pregnant.

First I called Carlo, who was in London. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed, and I could see him slapping his palm against his forehead. I knew he was apprehensive of the terrible effect a third miscarriage would have on me. Then I phoned Dr. de Watteville, who took the next plane to Rome.

INES BRUSCIA

When she did become pregnant for the third time, Sophia had an anxiety about it for the entire nine months. I stayed with her; I was the only person, and I still marvel at the way she sac-

Continued on page 53

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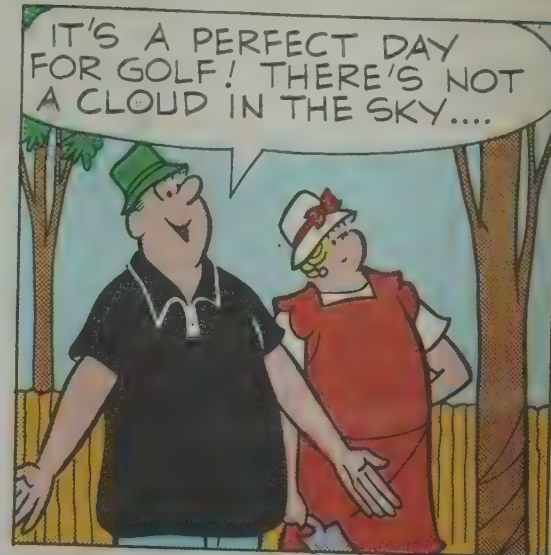
miracles or sought superstitious help from religion. I feel that a pure religious feeling has very little to do with the machinery of the church — going to mass, taking communion, blindly obeying its stringent dos and don'ts. Most people, I feel, deposit vows in the church as one deposits money in the bank, and in this way they think they accumulate a religious capital, which will pay them enough interest in paradise that they will never have to work any more. I have always believed in the existence of a supernatural force that I could reach through prayer. But not normal prayers, by

vinced her spirit entered my body. When I need her, she is there to succor me. She is my guardian angel. So my thoughts turned to her and I spoke to her, and her words further strengthened my forlorn spirit.

I don't believe in the traditional rigmarole of church ritual. Incense and wafers and goblets of wine do not touch my spirit. But the quiet sanctity of a church is welcome to my meditations, and often when I am near a church, especially if I am working on a film, I find time to visit its peaceful interior if there is no service in progress, and feel comforted

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



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"Why is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

"It's a great scheme. You should hear the witnesses contradicting one another."

"All this talk about back seat driving in so much bunkum. I've never had a word from behind."

"What kind of car do you drive?"

"A hearse."

A motorist speeding along at 80 miles an hour was stopped by a policeman.

"Was I driving too fast?" asked the motorist.

"Hell, no. You were flying too low."

"What part of the car causes the most accidents?"

"The nut that holds the wheel."

"And there, son, you have the story of the Great War."

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Yes, Dad, but what I don't understand is why they needed all the other men."

A passenger in the airplane was far up in the sky when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.



Passenger: "What's the joke?"

Pilot: "I'm thinking of what they'll say at the lunatic asylum when they find out I've escaped."

May: "My fiance is telling everybody in Canada that he is coming home to marry the most beautiful girl in the world."

Edna: "Too bad, darling after being engaged to him for such a long time."

Then there was the girl who married three times and all her husbands were named William. She was a regular Bill collector.

Janet: "What do you do when you see an unusually pretty girl?"

Anna: "I look for a while and then I get tired and put the mirror down."

Mrs. Shastri: "She told me you told her the secret I told you not to tell her."

Mrs. Deboo: "The mear thing. I told her not to tell you I told her."



Mrs. Shastri: "Well, don't tell her that I told you she told me."

"Broken off your engagement to Mary?"

"She wouldn't have me."

"Did you tell her about your very rich uncle?"

"Yes. She's my aunt now."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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The story goes that when Abe Lincoln was asked at the age of twelve what he wished to be when he grew up, pat come the answer, "I want to be President of America." The phrase "from log-cabin to White House" has gone down in history and is a fine example of how driving ambition can get a man anywhere.

Then there was Bing Crosby who, after watching a stage entertainment programme told his mother that he too wanted to make people clap their hands with joy. Crosby still holds the record (forgive the pun) for being the only singer in history who has a platinum disc to his credit.

As children, we "want to become" so many things. Imagination and ambition work together, and produce in us a desire to go to the Land of Far Beyond. Over the ages, ambitions change with times.

Sudesh Majumdar, aged eleven for example, told me quite confidently that he wants to land on the moon. Seeing my raised eyebrows, he continued, "I'd like to create a new space-ship and launch out in it." At school, Sudesh always scores the highest marks in Science, which he finds "exciting and interesting." Sudesh has seen documentary films about astronauts on TV and the cinema, and has been influenced by them.

"Oh yes, I know there are several dangers to be faced," he said.

"Like what?" I asked, curious to know the extent of his knowledge and awareness. "There can be attacks from outer space," he said solemnly. Then, pausing for a moment, he continued, "I could run out of oxygen, or my space-ship could break down."

He thinks working in a laboratory would be great fun though he wouldn't like to make

bombs, nor is he very interested in finding cures for strange diseases. He said "Star Wars" is the best film he has seen so far and he proudly sported a T-Shirt which has "Star Wars" printed all over it.

The mass media are primarily responsible for the ambitions nursed by children and for stirring their awareness about the various openings for the careers available today. Sudarshan Rodrigues, who is six years old, forced his mother to take him to see "Star Wars" twice. When he came home, he kept imitating the way the robots walked in the film and talked of nothing else but laser beams and ray guns. Science films are being churned out by the dozen and children are being introduced to the exciting world of the unknown.

Even so, when I asked Sudarshan what he wished to be when he grew up, he said, "I want to be a Police Inspector like Amitabh Bachchan."

I was slightly taken aback. "Isn't Amitabh an actor?" I asked.

"Yes, but in 'Zanjeer' he was an Inspector," he informed me scornfully.

Sudarshan wants to be an Inspector for three clear-cut, precise reasons. He wants to "get a motorbike," wants to wear the

smart uniform, and finally (and this made up his mind for him) he said, "The Inspector hasn't to do anything. He just tells the police to catch the robbers and the police do it."

Sudarshan obviously doesn't want to get involved in any real physical danger, but what he loves is giving orders, getting obeyed, and, better still, getting all the credit for the successful operation.

The desire to be a professional is very prevalent among today's youngsters. Prakash Ahuja, Piku for short, is very certain that he wants to be the Captain of I.N.S. Vikrant. "I want to fight in the Vikrant with guns and be a navy man," he said.

During Navy Week, Prakash saw details of the Vikrant on TV, and later on viewed the mammoth warship from a launch.

"My daddy told me all about the Vikrant," he said. "Now I want to wear the white uniform of the Navy and I want to go in a submarine under the water. Then I will see the sharks and small fish," he concluded.

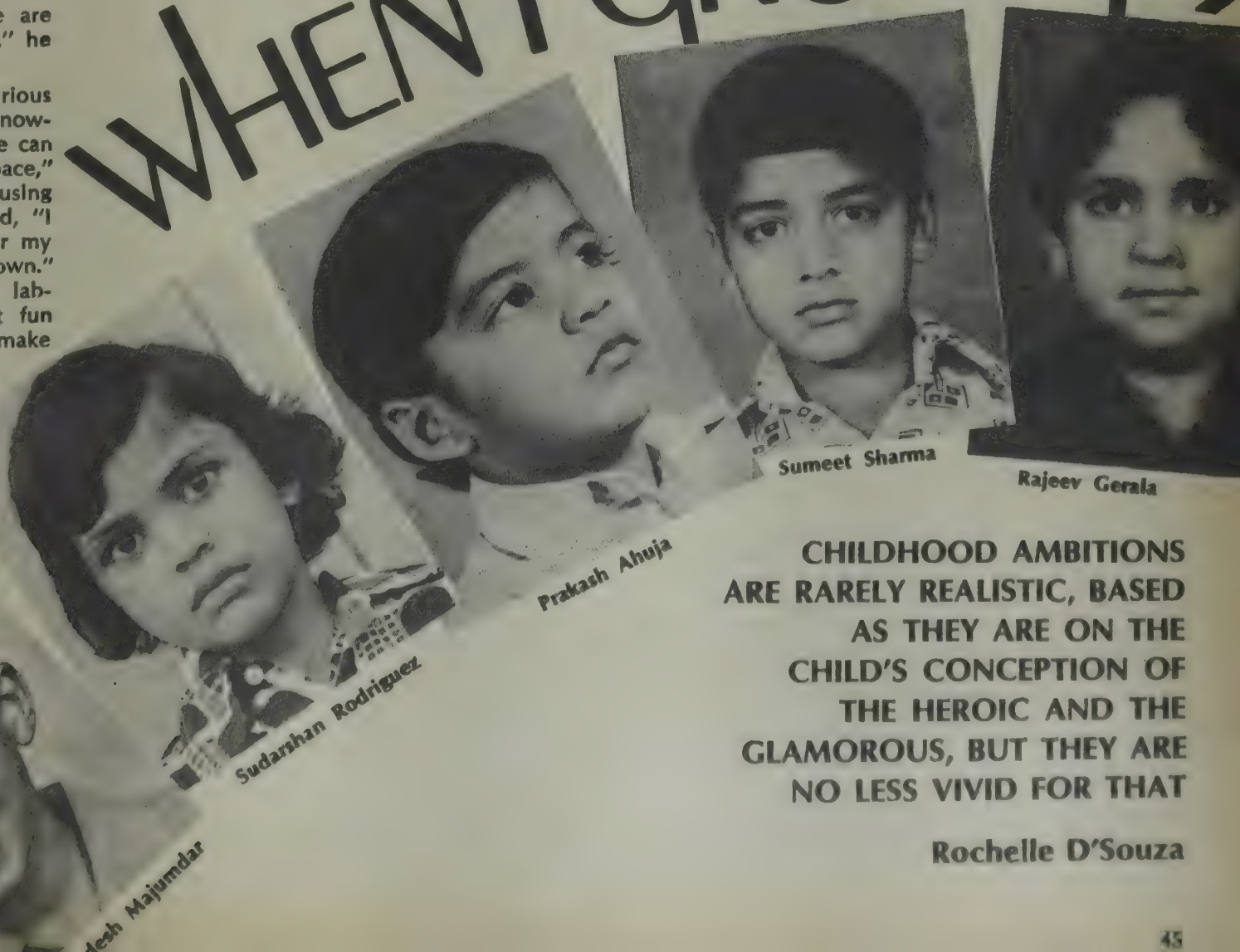
The services have always attracted young boys because they

promise a world of glamour, excitement and adventure. Guns, cannons, camping out, belly-crawling, rock-climbing and scaling hold a great fascination for boys and every little boy dreams of being seen parading smartly in a uniform and being decorated with medals. Young Sumeet Sharma wants to be a pilot in the Indian Air Force. Sonu, who is nine years old, would like to fly a plane. He has read books about aeroplanes and pilots and would like to fly himself.

But while the others had set their mind on one ambition, Sonu says he would be a jawan if he couldn't become a pilot. "I would like to fight for my country," he said with a dangerous gleam in his eyes and continued, "My uncle, Anand Bhaiya is a jawan, and he has told me lots of interesting stories about the Army."

Parents and close relatives have a very large role to play in deciding their children's future. They encourage their offspring to strive for a fruitful career. The famous tennis players, Vijay and Anand Amritraj, for instance, have often been quoted as saying that but for their

WHEN I GROW UP,



CHILDHOOD AMBITIONS
ARE RARELY REALISTIC, BASED
AS THEY ARE ON THE
CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF
THE HEROIC AND THE
GLAMOROUS, BUT THEY ARE
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mother's constant pushing they would never have made it to the top. Prakash Ahuja's father took the time and trouble to explain to his son whatever little he knew about warships and thus aroused his son's interest in the Navy.

Many children want to grow up to become whatever their parents are. We have several examples in Indian cricket of sons following in the footsteps of their fathers, as in the case of Mohinder and Surinder, sons of Lala Amarnath, Ashok Mankad who took after father Vinoo Mankad, and Mansur Ali Khan of Pataudi who led the Indian team like his great father.

Young **Rajeev Gerala** at twelve wants to work like his daddy in an office. He will "pass school and college and then work as an inspector in the bank," he said. Mr. Gerala, Rajeev's father, works for the Reserve Bank of India as an inspecting officer, and has impressed Raja (as he is called at home) so much in his role as "inspector" that Raja would like to follow suit. He said very confidently, "if I don't get into the R.B.I. I shall work in some other bank."

Nandini Kishore is very sure that she wants to be an artist "like my mother." Nandini loves drawing and painting, and is always bullied by her school-mates to do their art work for them. She said very definitely that she "likes to do sceneries best but also other things, like people." Mrs. Kishore teaches art in a school nearby and Nandini would like to teach in a school too, like her mother does.

In the world of Arts there are ever so many examples of famous children following their famous parents' footsteps. The splendid tabla player Zakir Husain has been chiefly inspired by his father, Ustad Allah Rakha. Similarly, Anando Shankar is the son of the great Uday Shankar. Indian cinema is crowded with examples too, as in the case of the Kapoor clan which has seen its third generation in films, and more recently there is Sunjay Dutt taking after his parents Sunil Dutt and Nargis.

But among the children who revealed their secret ambitions, very few apart from Nandini, spoke of making their career in the Arts.

Music, Dance and Drama, Architecture and Sculpture are apparently ignored during childhood and it appears that the desire to be famous in the field of

aesthetics is largely confined to teenagers. Very few little girls think of entering showbiz. Apart from **Shailaja Bailkari**, aged nine, who wants to be an actress, the others preferred to be doctors and lawyers. Shaila's reasons for wanting to become a screen star are diverse. She seemed a little confused though when she said, "I want to be an actress, and show pictures to the people." She is perhaps unaware that one does not have to be an actress to operate a projector. But she said, "I like the way they (stars) dress, and they are so rich. I am not shy and I like to sing songs and dance, plus my mummy will soon be sending me to a Bharata Natyam dancing class."

Mamta Majumdar is a staunch women's libber at ten! She made it very clear that she wanted to be a doctor and not a nurse. When asked why, she said, "I'd like to work in a large hospital, where I can take care of all the people. I want to be a surgeon, not just a doctor, so that then I can do important stomach operations." Becoming a nurse is out of the question Mamta says for, "Nurses have to obey the doctor's orders" and she would never want to do that.

The love of money, fame and glamour has attracted a lot of young girls today into becoming models or movie stars. Another line which attractive graduates are increasingly headed towards is a career in the airlines. **Samantha D'Mello** at seven, is

well on the way towards taking up the career of an airhostess. She said that she "would love to fly and see places" and increase her general knowledge. Samantha is a shy, quiet child and one wonders whether she would fit into that glamorous role easily. She is a loving, helpful child though, so that one can easily see her point when she says that she would like "to serve the people their food and give them a covering when they feel cold."

Today, many among the young are headed towards very progressional fields like Business Administration, Advertising, Movies and Banking, relatively modern careers in which they find themselves well rewarded both mentally and materially. But the very young have not yet heard of these new horizons and so their preferences are confined to Teaching, Medicine and Law.

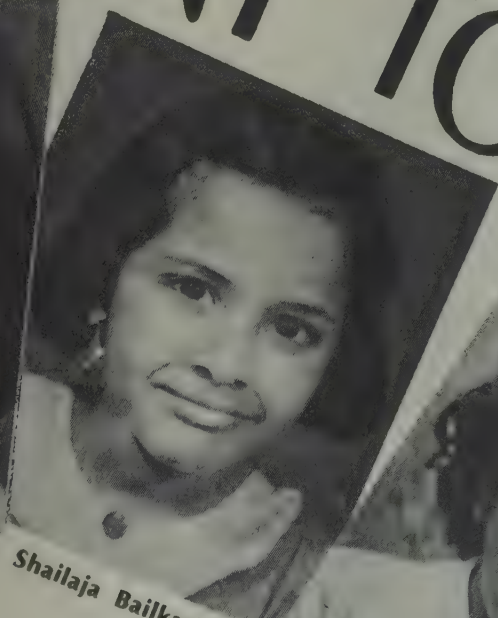
But our ambitions in childhood are not necessarily lasting ones. With growth and maturity our ideas change and though as kids we see ourselves larger than life in impressive professions, during adolescence, we change our ideas about what we wish to make of our lives and only then do we begin to work seriously towards realizing our ambitions. As James Joyce shows in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," Steven Dedalus as a child wants to go through a whole gamut of professions before he realizes that his true vocation in society is to be an artist.

A certain teacher once shyly revealed to his amused post-graduate students that as a child, he had wished to be a conductor on a tram because he was always fascinated by the singly metallic stroke of the bell, whenever the tram stopped or restarted. Sounding the bell was for him a sign of authority and power and he wished to be able to ring the bell when he became an adult. The same teacher grew up to be poet-critic-professor, Nissim Ezekiel who, after trying his pen in the field of Advertising and Journalism, settled for Academics and became a University lecturer. Which brings one to the stark profundity of the ancient proverb, "Man proposes; God disposes."

I WANT TO BE...



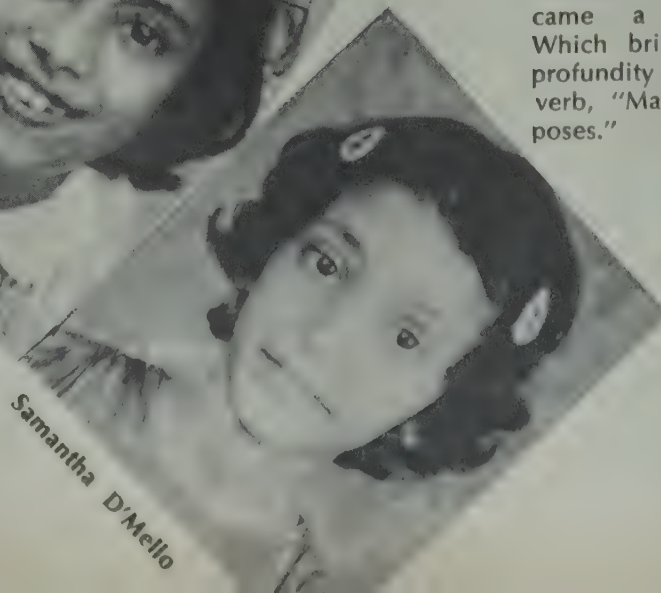
Nandini Kishore



Shailaja Bailkari



Mamta Majumdar



Samantha D'Mello

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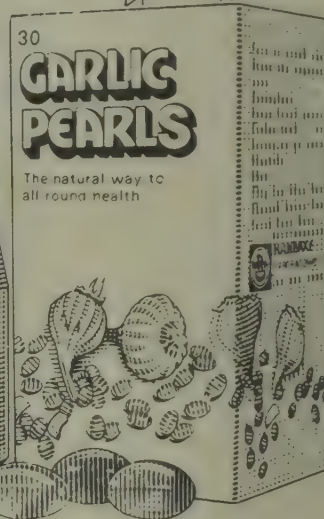
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MARRIAGE, Calcutta Style

Dr. Tridib K. Chakraborty

Most people get married with the idea that marriage can be a wonderful and satisfying thing, well related to the demands of life today when it is so unsettled and so uncertain, so that to have one relationship one can count on is like an anchor. Socrates, it is said, was once asked by one of his pupils whether his great teacher would advise him to marry. "Certainly I would," was the reply, "for if you should find your wife to be a good and wise woman, she will bring you real happiness, which is good. And, if," he added, "you should have the misfortune to marry a shrew like my own Xantippe, you will become a philosopher, which is also good."

There are, no doubt, plenty of people in the world today asking the same question that young fellow asked, but they are certainly not all receiving the unequivocal encouragement which the Greek philosopher offered. The fact remains, however, that most youths in their late twenties seem inclined to marry.

No wonder then, sociological and popular interest in attitudes towards marriage goes on unabated. The question of who marries whom and why is of perennial interest. Especially during periods of rapid social change and intellectual unrest, when moral controls appear to be weakening, we turn our eyes to family and marriage to find out how far it has withstood the onslaught of modern forces breaking up traditional institutions.

The Hindu attitude to and practice of marriage has come down from ancient Vedic times and so it is looked upon as a sacrament. For this reason, Hindu parents have always considered the marriage of their children one of their most "sacred duties." So it is difficult for them to accept the new marriage patterns although they are more appropriate for an industrial society — the right of men and women to choose their own mates, the concept of "romantic love" and, perhaps most significant of all, the breaking down of caste barriers.

The natural conclusion, after reading the recently published report in a widely circulated weekly that the city of Calcutta, well-known for its religious fervour, "appears to be buckling under the wave of inter-caste civil weddings," would be that Calcuttans are now fast becoming "unreligious." It is reported that marriages solemnized under the Special Marriage Act number more than 120,000 in West

Bengal since the Act came into force two decades ago, Calcutta alone accounting for over 70 per cent of the marriages.

Does this indicate that today's Calcuttans reject the religious and traditional pattern of wedding? Not so, according to a sample survey of 200 and odd would-be brides and grooms. These parties were selected from a centrally located marriage broker's office in Calcutta, perhaps the largest in the city.

Here, interested parties register their names, supply personal

majority of cases were not willing to accept this change in traditional norms largely because they were afraid of the opinion of people of their own caste. They were also more sensitive to opposition from relatives. So, caste rigidity has not yet disappeared appreciably among the educated, urbanized Bengalis.

When we turn to the main factors that led parties to take the decision in favour of inter-caste marriages, we find that only a negligible percentage preferred inter-caste marriage

A SAMPLE SURVEY OF WOULD-BE BRIDES AND GROOMS IN CALCUTTA BROUGHT TO LIGHT SOME INTERESTING DETAILS ABOUT CURRENT MARRIAGE TRENDS, WHICH ARE A COMBINATION OF THE MODERN AND THE TRADITIONAL

bio-data, as well as preferences in the selection of prospective mates. The office provides the parties with relevant information so that they can choose and contact parties of their choice. Today, among modern urban Bengali families, match makers, individuals or institutions, are much in demand. This is due to the fact that these match makers shoulder the major burden of bringing the families of prospective mates together so that there is a much wider choice.

After having spoken to all these parties it was found that though inter-caste marriage has become quite popular, in almost all cases Hindu marriage still retains its traditional customs and rites. Traditional modes of Hindu marriage are still operative below the veneer of modernity.

In a set of questions designed to discover the attitudes to inter-caste marriage much interesting and valuable information was gleaned. One question put to them was, "While deciding in favour of inter-caste marriage who has taken the decision?" In the case of males, the largest number made the decision themselves, whereas in the case of females, parents did so most often.

This indicates that the younger generation of the urbanized middle class Bengalis were giving up caste prejudices to some extent. Expectedly, parents in the

inspired by the urge to abolish caste system.

Another revealing fact was that the percentage of males who were marrying a second time was much larger than the number of females. So even now, more than hundred years after the enactment of the Hindu Widow Remarriage Act, it is not regarded normal for a Hindu widow, even among educated urbanized middle class Bengalis, to marry again. So the old double standards still prevail even in the so-called enlightened sections of Bengali society.

Further enquiry revealed that while most educated Bengalis supported inter-caste marriages in theory, a majority preferred marriage inside their own caste where their own children were concerned. And even inside their own caste most preferred marriage with opposite member of their own rank.

As regards dowry — a traditional social custom still prevalent among Bengali families — a majority of those questioned claimed that dowry is still an essential factor in Hindu marriages. Thus the dowry system is very much there in the urban society of today. Despite condemnation in theory, the system has not died down. It continues covertly, if not overtly, and in a variety of forms. And it was justified on the ground that it is a gift signifying affection, that it is exacted to meet ceremonial

expenses. So the dowry system has a strong scaffolding around it and is still being perpetuated even among the educated section of the urban Bengali Hindu society.

Thus a peculiar blend of tradition and modernity is to be found in the marriage customs of Bengalis. They are modern in outlook in being willing to break the age old caste taboos and accept inter-caste marital unions, but a majority of those questioned still followed traditional customs and rituals in celebrating the marriage. They practice a combination of traditional customs and modern practices like registration (civil marriage). Only a small percentage was in favour of the civil marriage.

So what the inquiry revealed was that while educated Bengalis are willing to accept inter-caste marriages in theory they

still prefer marriages within the caste if suitable partners can be found within their own caste or sub-caste. Undoubtedly the compulsions of caste have weakened, but they still follow traditional norms and mores of the wedding ceremony. Legislation has failed to create any impact among urban educated Hindus in the field of marriage and family. The far-reaching changes in family law have not yet brought any far-reaching changes. Evils like dowry are still prevalent in Hindu society. The Dowry Act has not had much success in combating this custom. And education instead of proving an agent for modernization and enlightenment has worsened the situation in respect of the evil of dowry, as the educated ask for higher dowries.

Thus Hindu marriage is still mainly a sacrament and traditional institution, and is a challenge to modern society. A strong thread of continuity runs from the past to the present. As the traditional boundaries for marriage are still firmly set, and as going beyond them upsets other aspects of married life, it is not likely that they will lose their force in the near future. People throughout India usually keep to traditional social patterns while adapting them to modern circumstances. Modernization is thus rightly seen as a process of change rather than of displacement.

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DOUBLE IMAGE

What a perfect reflection in a quiet pond! Not a ripple to disturb it. Turn the photograph upside-down and it still looks the same. Almost like the Queen of Hearts on a playing card. However, something is missing. A focus of attention. The beholder's eye keeps jumping from the actual scene to its reflection, not being able to settle down to a main object.

In such a case the photographer must decide what he wishes to emphasise, the object or its reflection. Only then can he apportion space suitably.

In the second picture the fisher boys present a similar subject. I liked their reflection and decided to give it emphasis. So, instead of dividing the picture into exact halves I devoted more space to the reflection. And to break the monotony of the double image I stirred up the water a bit.

At best, the first picture is an artistic stunt not a picture to enjoy.

Homi Kharas

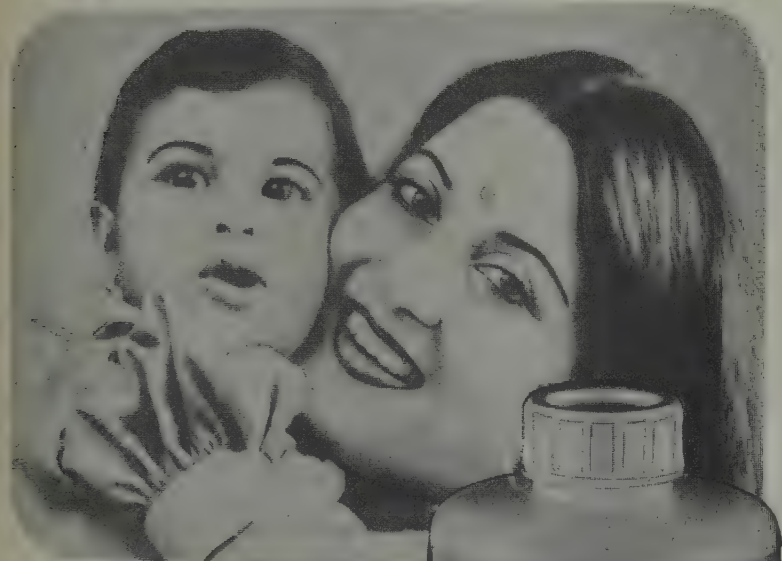


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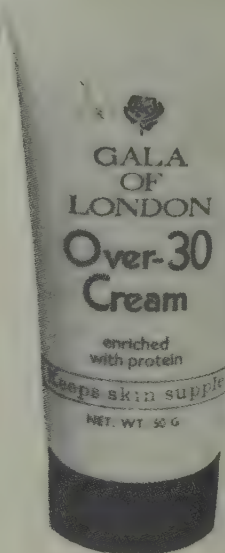
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Continued from page 42

rificed herself to have that child. Nine months in bed, no activity at all, not even talking on the telephone, and not one word of complaint. Never once did she say to me, Ines, I read and slept and looked at television a bit but that was all. Only Ponti came to visit, and, as I recall, Basilio was there once or twice. From the way she isolated herself within the cloister of her determination, I felt confident that nothing could interfere with the birth of Carlo Hubert Ponti Jr.

I immediately went to Geneva and settled down in a little town in a little hotel on the lake, close to Dr. de Watteville's office. He ran a twenty-four-hour urological test; from detailed analyses he discovered that I was suffering from an imbalance of hormones. He said the imbalance was primarily caused by a shortage of estrogen, with which he planned to inject me regularly. Twenty-four-hour urine tests would be run every week to monitor my hormonal balance.

"Would the shortage of estrogen be the reason I lost my first two babies?"

"I think so. But let's not dwell on the past. Let's get this little fellow through his nine months and out into the world. Unfortunately, because of your history, I am going to have to ask you to remain in bed, in as quiet a state as possible."

"For the entire nine months?"

"I think it's best. We're going to produce this baby, you and I, and we want to give him every possible break."

That is precisely what I did. I wrapped myself in the cocoon of motherhood and hibernated. Dr. de Watteville gave me tranquilizers, primarily Valium, and since I had never taken tranquilizers before, they had a strong effect on me. I slept a great deal of the time. Only Ines stayed with me, although Carlo visited regularly. During the third month, I became apprehensive that I might again suffer my former fate. I experienced a recurrence of the strange, light-headed drained feeling that I had had prior to my previous miscarriages. Dr. de Watteville, or one of his assistants, had been visiting me daily, so they were aware of this change that was coming over me. I felt a sickening sort of panic that once again I would lose my baby.

To be continued

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

SAGGING STOMACHS, SAGGING CAREERS



Favourably placed on the outskirts are Bunty, Sanju, Ajay, fresh, home-baked from star ovens (Rajendra Kumar, Sunil Dutt, Dharam). And the jalta koyla of "Sholay", Amitabh, does not seem to hold a flicker after five flops. ("Do Aur Do Panch" was the last crash). So even Salim-Javed, who did not look beyond him, found it hard to cook their roti on a bujha hua koyla.

Since there is no going beyond Amitabh, they preferred to reel back, and the ball is in Rajesh's court, shrewd, waiting, biding his time. Chintu's too fused out to dictate or even express any terms. So Rajesh and Chintu will collide in Salim-Javed's screenplay, and of course we are supposed to have a loss of memory and not remember that four years ago, Salim-Javed, in a hurry for the jubilee harvest, had declared that they will not take Rajesh in their movies, unless later, when he is old and grey, he sneaks into their screenplay as a character actor without their notice.

It is but natural, with all these greasy, embarrassing patch-ups for "paapi pet ke liye", the stars have again turned their attention on the press and decided to blame me for everything — from their sagging stomachs to their sagging careers.

"No interview," said Chintu to my innocent little colleague, who, poor thing, thought that all was well after my entry into the R.K. camp, and that Chintu would be in a honeymoon mood. Anyway, my relationship is with Raj Kapoor. It is useless to meet any of Raj's offspring, from Chintu to Dabboo. They have nothing really to talk about or boast of except daddy Raj Kapoor. Dabboo, while he hogged stuffed lobster, lobster in ginger sauce, chicken meat balls in crab sauce, Jumbo prawns, chicken noodles, mixed fried rice, at the Gazebo Orient, talked only of Raj Kapoor. "He is the best host, that man Raj Kapoor. He is the real director, but Jainendra Jain's name will go as director of 'Prem Rog'". Raj Kapoor, my daddy, is sad after the Bunty let down," etc.

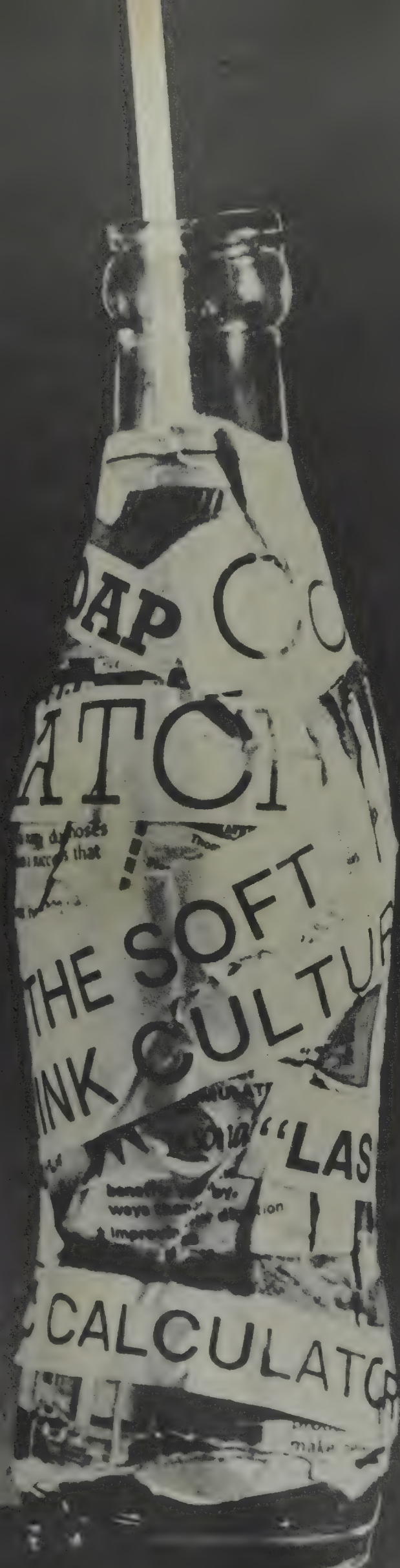
"Raj is sensitive enough to enjoy loneliness and sorrow. What about you, are you a good host?" I asked.

"Damn the press, I never invite the bastards," drawled Dabboo.

"You are considerate. As for the press, Amitabh Bachchan, still the greatest as this goes to press, is replying in the question and answer box in 'Mayapuri' the Hindi film magazine," I told Dabboo. So much for the bastard press.

Reena Roy, with a supple figure and reasonable acting, has zoomed up the chart. More so, with Hema, Zeenat unsteady, Raakhee restricted to matronly roles, Parveen blacked out, Bindiya in a tight spot. Producers, after suffering million-rupee shocks with Parveen, are not taking risks with Bindiya. "We are not bothered about Vinod Mehra, whether she is married to him or whether she is in his Juhu flat or Pali Hill bungalow, but in transit she can get pregnant. What happens to our film then?" So Bindiya is out and filmdom is rotating between Rekha, Padmini Kolhapure and Poonam.



A glass bottle, likely a soda bottle, is wrapped in crumpled newspaper. A white straw is inserted into the neck of the bottle. The newspaper clippings are visible and contain various headlines and text fragments. Some of the visible text includes "DAP CO", "ATCH", "THE SOFT", "INK CULTURE", "LAS", and "CALCULATOR".

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PEOPLE KNOWN AND

Jazz Yatra 80, that musical extravaganza in Bombay organised by Niranjan Jhaveri, which drew some of the best talent from India and abroad, could not be complete without the inimitable **Asha Puthli**. (She has reportedly dropped the "h" from her surname to bring her luck.) The audience roared its approval on seeing her, a surprise item on the musical menu. But as usual, it was the unusual that attracted the eye. For Puthli was dressed in a gold lame body suit with a gold turban wrapped entrancingly around



her head. A diaphanous gold, green and maroon striped cloak completed the outfit. In typical husky Donna Summers' style, Puthli belted out "Lucky Girl", a Louis Banks composition, punctuated with many "oohs" and "babys." At the end of three minutes, she was out of the stage and on her way to New York, to celebrate her son's fifth birthday the next day. Talk about a jet-set song!

The three Lals of Haryana — Bansi, Devi and Bhajan — seem to follow their own code of ethics that has nothing to do with the rest of the country, often trespassing on fundamental freedom in the process. Chief Minister **Bhajan Lal** particularly has to answer for his many "sins" this year. First he and his entire cabinet switched loyalties and joined the Congress (I) after Mrs. Gandhi's triumph, just to stay in power. Then he passed a law that married daughters cannot inherit property

(why hasn't anyone challenged this in court yet?). Now comes the news that Christian names are to be deleted from all the text-books in the state by 1981 and replaced with Indian, or preferably, Haryanvi names and characters. One is naturally tempted to ask, aren't Christians also Indians, or is it that Haryanvi Christians from now on will have to christen their offspring as only Bansi, Devi or Bhajan?

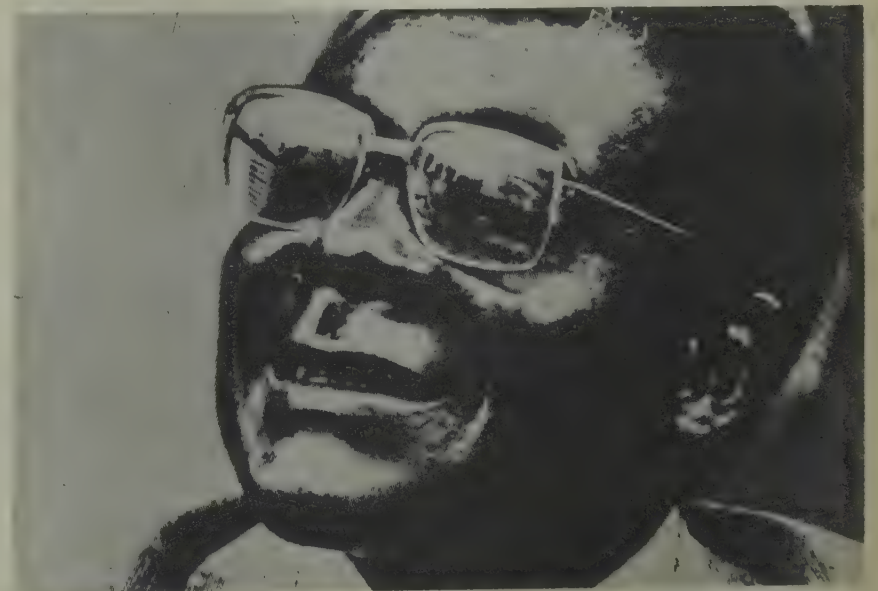
Where can a Hindu male still enjoy the pleasures of more than one wife? Surprisingly, in Malaysia. This information was given by the Honourable Lord President **Tun Mohamed Suffian** of the Federal Court of Malaysia (this is equal to our Chief Justice of the Supreme Court) when he recently visited India. Since Malaysia has people of many creeds living together, separate personal laws are followed by Hindus, Muslims, Buddhists and Christians. The Hindu personal law in that country is still based on the Manu Smriti, which allows polygamy. India first exported Hinduism, then Buddhism and Islam to Malaysia. "That is why our Islam is more gentle and liberal, with no **purdah** and other disadvantages to women," said Lord Suffian.

Nadir Shah, the Persian who raped India and took away the peacock throne, is back in the news. An Indo-Egyptian production is launching "Ibaadat" in English, Hindi and Arabic, with Omar Sharif in the lead role. Pity that we are able to bag all these international stars only when their stars are on the

wane! (Muhammed Ali being a prime example.) Mrs. **Mariam Kadar** of the UAR is making her debut as a writer-producer. Rabia Aldaviah, a new actress, will have an important role while several Indian stars will also be cast in the film. I wonder whether Indians will again get two-minute roles as they did in "The Sea Wolves", and be thrilled to bits by it.

The days of the puppet Raj are over. The British, backed by several other white nations, set up Bishop Abel Muzorewa as

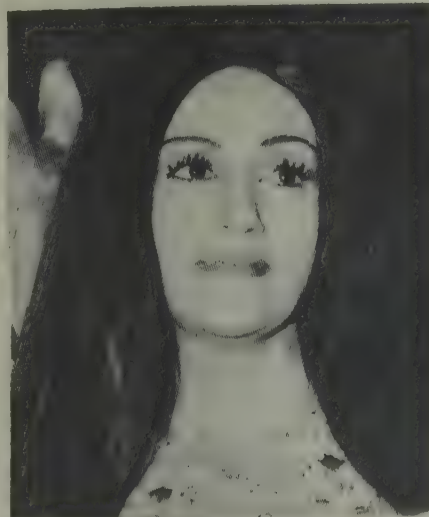
used their own intelligence and overwhelmingly voted for Marxist **Robert Mugabe**, a former school teacher, as their leader. Mugabe has promised an end to hostilities in a country weary of war, and even taken two whites in his cabinet and retained the services of a white as chief of the armed forces. In spite of it, a churlish Margaret Thatcher has refused to send Mugabe a congratulatory telegram. The OAU (the Organisation for African Unity) has already asked white nations to keep their hands off Zimbabwe



their candidate for the election in erstwhile white Rhodesia. His election campaign, funded by the whites, was one of the most extravagant and lavish in recent times. But the African blacks

(Independent Rhodesia's African name) and there is ample reason for them to fear white interference — Mugabe escaped three assassination attempts in one month.

UNKNOWN



Sometime ago, a leading women's weekly carried a letter, demanding to know why women cannot be admitted into the Sabarimala temple. There was a slew of protests from women themselves, claiming they were "dirty" at certain times of the month. But all women are not so foolish. Mrs. D. Vijaya, a Kannada lecturer belonging to the Socialist Forum, and another dozen women went to Tamil Nadu to enter the Mallikarjunaswamy temple. Entry to women here too is barred on the superstition that they will be turned to stone if they do so. Needless to say, the women are still in flesh and blood. Mrs. Vijaya claimed that theirs was a symbolic protest against "the second grade status given to women in society."

Lakshmi Narayan

BOMBAY

The Altrusa Club of Bombay is an organisation of working women which undertakes several social welfare projects. This organisation arranges for a supplementary feeding programme for nearly 400 children of the Colaba Municipal School every day. Recently the Club held a painting competition for 150 children between the ages of 6 and 10 at the Colaba Municipal School.

In addition to prizes, the Club also presented a microphone, an amplifier, two loudspeakers and two carrom boards to the school. Mrs. S. Jagannathan, President, gave the welcome address. Mrs. B. Prabha, the renowned artist, gave away the prizes.

An exhibition of paintings was held by Harilal Panchal at the Prof. Langhammer Art Gallery and sponsored by the Indo-German

Cultural Society. Mrs. Gabriella Mebus, Vice-Consul, Federal Republic of Germany, inaugurated the exhibition.

A function was held by Mr. Bhai Mohan Singh, Chairman and Managing Director of Ranbaxy Laboratories Ltd. on the occasion of the introduction of Naturelle Herbal shampoos at the Ball Room, Hotel Taj Mahal.

Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, was the chief guest.

Naturelle — a new range of herbal shampoos made from rare herbs and exotic flowers, was introduced in the city after being launched in Delhi, Calcutta and Bangalore. An audio-visual presentation which emphasised that "natural is beautiful" concluded the programme.

An exhibition and sale of eye-catching hand-printed sarees, bedspreads, table covers and salwar suits was held by Ronak at Aakar Art Gallery recently.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

The All India Handicrafts Board and Shilpi Kendra held an exhibition and sale of handicrafts from Barabanki (U.P.) Black clay pottery, bone carving, chikan and zari embroidery, wood carvings, and brassware were displayed. Master craftsmen demonstrated their art before the public.

The main idea of organising the programme was to help the artisans in promoting sales of their products and assess marketing reaction of their products and popularise them among the consumers, marketing agencies and exporters.

"Kamdar", the furniture people, opened a new tapestry division at their showroom at Churchgate recently. Drapery, furni-

shing and upholstery under the name of "Loom Lore" are on display in a wide range of materials in hand woven patterns of folk art as well as in modern machine woven designs.

DELHI

A colourful function was organised by the Delhi Commonwealth Women's Organisation at the Malaysian High Commission. A tableau on brides of India was presented for the members and guests.

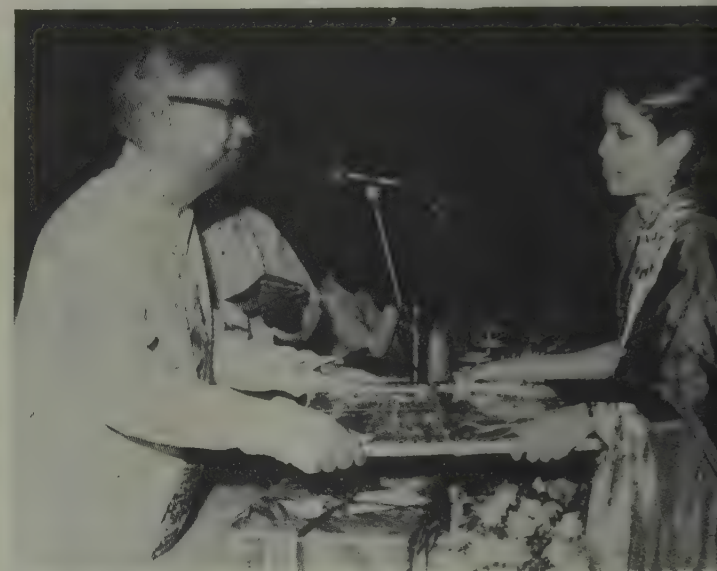
Mr. Vasant Sathe, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, released India's first colour TV set at the Okhla Industrial Estate. The Weston colour



1



3



2

1. Film star Dev Anand, who gave away the prizes at a function held by Eve's Weekly and Childcare at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, to felicitate the winners of the Lucky Draw, is seen with the winners and sponsors.

2. Mrs. Gitanjali Pani, Special Organiser, receives her prize from Dr. Pratul Chandra Gupta at the All India Prize Distribution ceremony of The Peerless General Finance and Investment Company Ltd. held in Calcutta recently.

3. A function was held at Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, to introduce "Naturelle" shampoos. Seen (from left) are Mr. Bhai Mohan Singh, Chairman and M.D., Ranbaxy Laboratories Ltd., Mrs. Nimmi Singh, Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, Mr. H. H. Ismail; Mr. S. Arsad, Consul General, Indonesia, and Mrs. Arsad.

4. At the Syrian Revolution Day celebrations held at Hotel Taj Mahal, Bombay, are seen (from left) Lady Dugan, Mrs. R. Patel, Mr. S. El-Ejel, Consul General, Syria, Mrs. S. El-Ejel, and Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay.

TV set has been developed by Weston Electronics Ltd, one of the pioneers in the field of electronics in India. Mr. Sathe said that he was indeed impressed with the breakthrough that has been achieved in India in bringing to this country the benefits of advanced technology in the form of colour TV. He also said that colour TV and video recordings could be used in educational institutions.

CALCUTTA

The Jadavpore University held a special function to coincide with their 24th Annual Convocation, in which they honoured Mother Teresa and Mr. Satyajit Ray with a D.Litt (Honoris Causa) degree. Mr. Satyajit Ray expressed the hope that in the not-too-distant future, a course on the study of the cinema would be included in the curriculum of

Indian Universities as in the western countries. The Chancellor of the University, Mr. T. N. Singh awarded the degrees.

The Peerless General Finance and Investment Company Ltd. held their All India Prize distribution ceremony at a colourful function at Netaji Indoor Stadium. Mrs. Bani Tagore sang the opening song, and Dr. Pratul Chandra Gupta, Ex Vice-Chancellor, Viswabharati University, presided and distributed the prizes. Mr. B.K. Roy, Secretary/Director gave the welcome speech. Prizes were distributed to the inspectors and organizers which included Ambassador cars, stereos, refrigerators, scooters, steel almirahs, soft-sets, T.V. sets, and V.I.P. suitcases.

The Sri Aurobindo Bhavan, Calcutta, presented a seven-day programme of cultural functions at the Bhavan, which was inaugurated by Mr. Jatin Chakravarty, Minister, Public Works Depart-

ment, Govt. of West Bengal. Well-known artistes like Meera Banerji, Geeta Sen (vocal), Budhadev Das Gupta (Sarod), Sanjukta Panigrahi, Rani Karna (dance), and Irshad Khan (surbahar) participated in the programme.

The District Conference of the Rotary International District 329 was held in Kalamandir. It was hosted by the Calcutta Rotary Club which was also celebrating its Diamond Jubilee as the oldest club in Asia. The Chief Guest, Cardinal Lawrence Pichay, and the R. I. President's representative, Behram H. Engineer, both spoke of the impact of Rotary International on community life.

BARODA

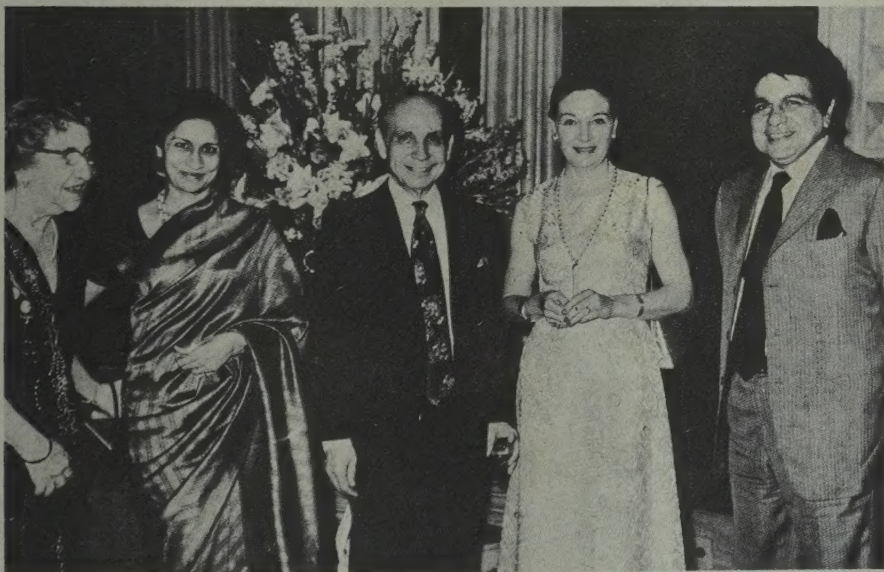
Mrs. Kaula Gille, International Service Officer of the Inner Wheel Club of Karlstad, Sweden,

paid a visit of friendship and goodwill to the Inner Wheel clubs of Gujarat district. Mrs. Gille is specially interested in the family planning projects conducted by the I.W.C. in Gujarat district, for which the I.W.C. of Sweden has been sending a large amount of financial aid for the past 12 years.

In her brief talk at the Polo Club in Baroda, Mrs. Gille pointed out that in Sweden, a woman's right to abortion is firmly supported by the law. About 30,000 abortions take place in Sweden every year, and the rate of infant mortality is very low.

Mrs. Shobhana Patel, the district chairman of Baroda exchanged mementoes with Mrs. Kaula Gille.

Eminent doctors of Baroda who had earlier served in the medical camp organised by I.W.C., District 306 in the slum area of Aktanagar, Baroda, were also given tokens of appreciation on the occasion.



5. A dinner was hosted at Hotel Maurya Sheraton, Delhi, by Mrs. Boudjanki (centre) wife of the Algerian Ambassador, in honour of Mrs. Khane, (2nd from left) wife of the Executive Director of UNIDO.

6. Members of the Inner Wheel Club of Nilgiris seen with the President of the Inner Wheel Club of India and Sri Lanka.

7. Mrs. Kaula Gille, International Service Officer of the Inner Wheel Club of Karlstad, Sweden, exchanges mementoes with District 306 Chairman Mrs. Shobhana Patel in Baroda.



IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

During the year ahead, you will continue very much along the same lines as at present but find that you can improve your prospects. Be sure to seize opportunities. Around your 1981 birthday, some problems begin to build up in home life and in other important spheres. Minor changes made in June/July will benefit you. August could bring a downtrend, healthwise, possibly due to nervous tension. The remainder of 1980 and into 1981 is a progressive phase, but you will have to adjust to the wishes of people around you — your partner, relatives, colleagues, etc. Your close companions prosper in 1981 and you will prosper too!

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

The stars have been helpful in past weeks and you should be feeling optimistic. Other planetary movements about to begin will speed up your activities, settling up current negotiations and giving incentive for new ones.



LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Something you have looked forward to may have to be postponed for a few weeks, but the delay will be to your advantage. Other plans may need to be adjusted, particularly cashwise, to make them workable. Avoid unnecessary journeys.



TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

Light-hearted activities will absorb you, perhaps a new flirtation. Favourable stars add to your personality. New friendships will be fortunate for you, and it is a good time to put existing relationships on a more intimate basis.



SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

You may be starting something new this week, but consider all angles before you do so. You should have more cash in hand, more cooperation, but early May will bring a busy, rather confusing, period and neglected matters will rebound on you.



GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

Venus now in your sign is fortunate for your affairs, especially for social life and romance. You will be more in the mood for fun than for work, perhaps, this week, but don't neglect serious issues. A special plan you have can now succeed.



SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Venus in opposition for a few weeks could see expenses rising unexpectedly. So be thrifty and guard against careless spending. You will be in a spending mood, a gambling one too, and money may be spent without much to show for it.



CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

Unexpected happenings, will benefit your affairs, so be prepared to change plans and arrangements in a hurry. Keep an open mind about people and events; be a little more adventurous in outlook. A pleasing delivery, gift or message is possible.



CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Short journeys are under favourable stars. Fresh faces and places will benefit you. So explore fresh scenes and activities. A good time, businesswise, to put out feelers in new directions.



LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)

A happy week for all relationships, but especially for romance. Mars in your sign helps your affairs and ambitions and gives extra vitality and enthusiasm. An unusual opportunity or some extra money may be available between now and early May.



AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

For a few weeks although the area of communication is well starred, you won't always be on the same wavelength with people! So play things by the ear and seize advantages that come your way, but not to push your luck too far.



VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Close relations will not only be somewhat unpredictable, but they will be involving themselves — and you, if they can — in some woolly-headed schemes! Delaying tactics are your best protection, for in a few weeks prospects will get a boost.



PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

A busy but helpful week. Get around as much as you can, but don't take on too many commitments nor make promises that may be difficult to fulfil later on. Strenuous stars will again affect you shortly. Some money luck, or a job offer, around the 11th.



THE TROUBLE WITH TEXTILES

Continued from Page 13

lure to keep inflation in check. Consumers pay through the nose for all the mistakes of the Government and industry while the unscrupulous elements among the business community take the fullest advantage of the situation even when they may not directly be responsible for bringing it about.

What can consumers do in this situation? At a purely personal level they can be more cautious, and discriminating in their choice of fabrics as Mrs. K is now after her unhappy experience. They can be less gullible and trusting. They must look for the mill's name and registered trademark, be wary of possible imitations of recognised trademarks, look for the fibre content of blended fabrics, and put off buying if they are at all in doubt.

At the national level, consumer organisations must jointly fight for easily understood systems of informative labelling, mandatory stamping of the identity of the fabric on the cloth, and stamping of the correct fibre content at regular intervals on blended fabrics.

They should also demand that Government, in consultation with all the concerned interests, especially consumers, work out a satisfactory price marking scheme which would be fair to all concerned. It can be done provided there is the will to do it.

Other demands that should be made are reduction of excise duty on synthetics to more reasonable levels and the highest priority to ending power, coal and transport shortages.

Most important of all, consumers must realise that unless they unite they are nothing in an economy where even the smallest trader has his trade organisation and his political protectors. Consumers must join consumer organisations, support and strengthen them and prod them into action to ensure that their demands are met. As yet the consumer is the dumb victim whose interests are sacrificed to those of all other better organised sectors.

JOIN THIS SURVEY OF 2 x 2

2 x 2 is a very popular fabric for cholis in India, but very often you cannot be sure that what you get is genuine.

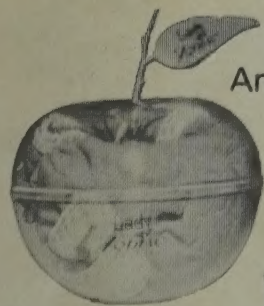
The Consumer Guidance Society of India is carrying out a survey and all readers who buy 2 x 2 for cholis are requested to send a small piece of each choli piece for examination to the C.G.S.I. Hutment J. Mahapalika Marg, Opp. Cama Hospital, Bombay 400 001.

Small scraps left over from tailoring are sufficient. Please attach the name and address of the shop whenever possible.



For every Eve,
a fitting
complement.

Lady Zodiac Panties!
Alluringly feminine! Delicate,
extra s-t-r-e-t-c-h panties
in new attractive prints.
And exciting colours. In super soft,
imported "Spandex", Polyester,
Nylon and Cotton blends.
Also in 100% cotton.



Lady **ZODIAC**
Panties

**Little children
are just meant to love and love again**



made with loving care
**Parle Gluco—
the tastier
energy food.**

Full of the delicious nourishment
of milk, wheat, sugar and glucose.



—India's largest selling biscuit.



World Selection
Award Winner